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SONGSTER

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THE
AMERICAN COLLEGE
SONGSTER

A COLLECTION OF

SONGS, GLEES, AND MELODIES,

SUNG BY

AMERICAN STUDENTS;

CONTAINING ALSO

Popular American, English, Irish and German
Songs, Negro Melodies, Etc.

COMPILED

FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS AND LOVERS OF
STUDENT MUSIC GENERALLY,

BY
S. C. ANDREWS,
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

SHEEHAN & CO.,
BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS,
UNIVERSITY PLACE,
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

1876.

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PREFACE.



THE need of a handy and inexpensive edition of American student songs has long been felt both by the students of our colleges and universities, and also those of our academies, high schools, and large educational institutions in general.

It is not expected that this collection shall take the place of the larger but more expensive work containing the music, viz:—the *Carmina Collegensia*. On the contrary, it is hoped that every student who can afford it, will own the music as well as the words. The object of this book is to supply a *cheap, but handy and complete* edition that *every student* can have at hand, or carry with him.

One of the great attractions of college life is the absence of all formality, stiffness, and rules of etiquette, which characterizes the social relations of students one with another. The freedom from care and anxiety results in spontaneous outbursts of good feeling, hilarity, and song. To be sure, as a general thing, student music is usually the outbreak of sheer exuberance of spirits; but in the unstudied character itself of the music and song is found the charm both for the hearer and the singer.

It is to be regretted that the better class of student songs are almost unknown outside of college towns. The gaining popularity of student glee club concerts, we hope, however, will bring the public to a full appreciation of this most agreeable heart-stirring and mirth-provoking class of songs and music. That this work may assist in the attainment of this end is the sincere desire of

THE COMPILER.

ANN ARBOR, October, 1875.

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SONGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.



ALMA MATER.

AIR—*Marseilles Hymn.*

A. H. SNOW, '65.

Come, jolly boys, and lift your voices,
Ring out, ring out a hearty song ;
Praise her in whom each son rejoices.
And let the notes be loud and long,
And let the notes be loud and long.
'Tis Alma Mater wakes the spirit,
And prompts the strain of harmony ;
O, sing to her triumphantly !
The glorious theme—do ye not hear it ?

CHORUS.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! ye sons,
By Alma Mater blest !
All hail ! all hail ! her honored name,
The pride of all the West.

A thousand tongues, to swell the chorus,
Shall proudly join with us to-day ;
While thousands more, who've gone before us,
Will gladly echo back the lay ;
And many lands shall know the glory
That crowns the Brow of Michigan,
And greet the light of Learning's van,
The fair Ann Arbor, rich in story.

So, now our friends are hither turning
An anxious and expectant eye ;
Are we, all base ambition spurning,
On fire with aspirations high ?
Oh, earnestly the world is pleading
For men of strong and valiant soul ;
Then let us strive for honor's goal,
Our country's youth in triumph leading.

By Alma Mater's precepts guided,
 We'll boldly tread life's rugged way ;
 Nor faint, nor falter, though derided,
 Or foes our course should wish to stay ;
 And in our hearts shall perish never,
 Our love for her whose halls we've trod ;
 Her praise we'll sing till 'neath the sod
 Our voice is silent, and forever.

QUODLIBET.

AIR—*The Captain with his Whiskers.*

PRIZE SONG, J. K. BLISH, '66.

'Tis September's golden month, when the opening is at
 hand,
 That we watch the trains and registers, to see the Fresh-
 men land.
 There is stumpy Fresh, and seedy Fresh, and Freshies
 short and tall,
 The Freshman with the goggles, and the Fresh who
 wears the shawl.
 Some are hopeful, some despondent, and a very knowing
 one
 Asks you if it is a fact that the Prex now weighs a ton.
 Oh, they all are model boys, study hard the whole day
 long,
 Always go to chapel regular, and sing this little song :

CHORUS.

“ Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 Oh, that will be joyful,
 When young men sin no more.”

When they rise to mighty Sophs (such a change I grieve
 to tell),
 But their highest aspiration is to steal the chapel bell.
 Then they push upon the stairs, get some plugs and cut
 a swell,
 Singing, “ saw the Freshman's leg off,” as loud as they
 can yell.
 Then they buy some big meerschaums, just to pass away
 the time,
 Which they try to make you think came from “ Bingen
 on the Rhine.”

Oh, you ought to see his whiskers, just thirteen in the pair,
Which he strokes so very gently, while he sings his favorite air :

CHORUS.

“ When nothing else is near, sir,
We take a noggin of beer, sir,
’Twill make you feel so queer, sir,
And drive dull care away.”

What romantic chaps they are, when they get their Junior boost,
And they tell of strange adventures, pulling turkeys from the roost ;
Form some very strong attachments, and escort the girls about,
So they’ll get a nice bouquet when they make their Junior spout.
Oh, it would not be so strange, as perhaps it might be sad,
If a letter from the Faculty should chance to reach their Dad.
Then he spends his whole vacation, which ends, alas, too soon,
Trifling with the girls’ affections by the singing of this tune :

CHORUS.

“ Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart.”

But now that they are Seniors, mark their philosophic air,
When they “ say their say ” in chapel, and make the Freshmen stare ;
And they sport a beard besides, just as every Senior should,
Think that billiards are consistent with their “ spirit’s highest good.”
Oh, they smoke and take their ease, while they talk of moral law,
Und sie trinken starkes Bier wann Niemand sieht sie, ja.
Then Commencement comes at last, which they’ve waited for so long,

And with sheepskins in their pockets safe, they sing the
parting song :

CHORUS.

“ Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home, boys,
Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home, boys ;
And happy is the maid that shall meet us,
As we go rolling home.

OH, UNIVERSITY !

AIR—*America.*

O, University !
O, Freedom's pride ! to thee
Our song we raise.
From all our glorious land
We come, a mighty band,
United, heart and hand,
To chant thy praise.

In Time's swift, onward flight,
To wisdom's grandest height.

At last thou'lt come.
Thy glowing altar flame !
And sons who praise thy name,
Shall tell the world thy fame,
Blest College Home.

A COLLEGE LAY..

AIR—*Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore.*

Soph'mores, lay aside your “ Hor'ces ; ”
And ye Seniors, Tacitus ;
“ Medics,” leave your ghastly cor'ses,
“ Fresh,” *depone* Livius.

Juniors, swallow no more “ Physic ; ”
Limbs of Law, away with “ Kent ; ”
And in strains of cheering music,
Perfect joy shall find its vent.

First in academic fame,—
Upon thee with song we wait ;
Ann Arbor gives thee place and name,—
Pride and boast of all our state !

While sons shall reverence mothers,
 We to the will honor pay ;
 While classmates are as brothers,
 We will own thy gentle sway.

OUR ALMA MATER.

AIR—*Cocachelunk.*

Wake the song for Alma Mater !
 Raise the chorus to the skies !
 For she is the fond creator
 Of our glorious destinies.

CHORUS—Cocachelunk, etc.

And she is the gracious donor
 Of our honors, every one ;
 Then to her, immortal honor
 Be from every filial son.

What is wealth, or paltry pleasure,
 To the soul that ever lives ?
 Sterling wisdom is the treasure
 Dearest Alma Mater gives.

By the fair Ann Arbor nourished,
 On the winding Huron's shore,
 From the outset she has flourished,
 And shall flourish evermore.

Then we'll shout aloud the chorus,
 Till it reach the stars above ;
 While the waving banner o'er us
 Shall be Alma Mater's love.

UNIVERSITY SONG.

AIR—*Hail, Columbia.*

Raise the cheer with three times three,
 For our University,
 The classic pride of Michigan,
 The classic pride of Michigan ;
 Our College claims a joyful strain,
 And loud we'll shout the bold refrain.
 Our Alma Mater we adore,

She cherishes and loves us more.
 Than mortal tongues can ever tell ;
 Then let the Muse her praises swell.

CHORUS.

Faithful let us ever be
 To our University ;
 Never cause reproach or stain,
 But loyally her rights maintain.

Immortal thought, a boundless store,
 More precious than the shining ore,
 She gives alike to rich and poor :
 Imprinting on the mind of youth
 The fadeless principles of truth.
 That all her offspring may be strong,
 May choose the right and shun the wrong,
 Sustain the honor of the laws,
 And bravely fight in Freedom's cause.

Onward, upward let us press,
 And emulate the nobleness
 Of faithful brothers gone before.
 For there are conquests to be won,
 A glorious race for each to run.
 Then let us, with a fearless heart,
 Perform in life a worthy part ;
 And though the threat'ning storm may lower,
 Disdain to shrink in peril's hour.

 OUR COLLEGE HOME.

AIR—*Upidee*.

Come, throw your busy cares away,
 And join us in our cheerful lay :
 With many voices we'll prolong
 The accents of our favorite song,
 Of "Upidee," etc.

Our University for fun,
 She wins the soul of every son ;
 And while our joyful hearts beat high,
 We'll send our chorus to the sky.
 Of "Upidee," etc.

The poorest lad within the land
 Receives the favors of her hand;
 And those who come unto her door,
 Will sing her praises evermore.
 Of "Upidee," etc.

The memories that mingle here,
 Shall ever live, our souls to cheer;
 The very stars will brighter shine,
 When linked with thoughts of thee and thine.
 Oh, "Upidee," etc.

KOMMOS.

AIR—*Lauriger Horatius.*

Vos venite periti,
 Omnes Opticorum,
 Dum rogam succendimus,
 Pleni triumphorum.

CHORUS.

Gaudeamus igitur,
 Libri nunc laborum,
 Hostis jam profligitur
 Terror Juniorum.

Equites cum proelium
 Eo commisere,
 Ab omni parte cæsum est,
 Sed illi vicere.

O Tirones miseri,
 Atque Sophomores!
 Cito vobis Punkeius
 Faciet dolores.

LET EVERY STUDENT FILL HIS BOWL.

AIR—*O! Landlord, Fill your Flowing Bowl.*

Ann Arbor is the jolliest town .
 This side the broad Atlantic,
 And holds enough fine-looking youths
 To drive the girls all frantic.
 Freshmen, so verdant—green,

Sophomores of pompous mien,
 Juniors, for fun so keen,
 And Seniors so pedantic.

CHORUS.

Let every student fill his bowl
 With something not too strong, sir,
 And pledge our Alma Mater's health.
 And join the jovial song, sir.
 Ann Arbor is the place, you know,
 To which our warmest feelings flow ;
 We'll love it still, where'er we go,
 And fate shall life prolong, sir.

Oh, bright and happy are the days,
 We students spend at college,
 Endeavoring in various ways
 To store our minds with knowledge :
 Wading through Geology,
 Empirical Psychology,
 And Plato's old Apology
 For his outrageous conduct.

We ride upon our gallant steeds
 Through tough examinations.
 And on the stage we bravely spout
 Magnificent orations.
 We "cram" the odious "Syllabus,"
 While Merriman he "Physics" ns,
 And Doctor Cocker quizzes us
 'Pon ratiocinations.

And while we've voices left to sing,
 Or hearts to feel emotion,
 Ann Arbor with our songs shall ring.
 In deep and warm devotion.
 Round Alma Mater's sacred shrine
 In graceful union shall entwine
 The Laurel and the Ivy vine
 Brought back o'er land and ocean.

STAMPING OR LAUGHING SIGNAL.

The bullfrog jumped on the alligator's back.
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.

THE WAY WE HAVE AT ANN ARBOR.

Oh, 'tis the Ann Arbor creed, boys,
 Never to run to seed boys,
 But always take good heed, boys,
 To drive dull care away.

CHORUS

'Tis a way we have in Ann Arbor,
 'Tis a way we have in Ann Arbor,
 'Tis a way we have in Ann Arbor,
 To drive dull care away.

Oh, the people in the town, boys,
 They think that we're around, boys,
 For we can take them down, boys,
 To drive dull care away.

Old D'Ooge is a bore, boys,
 And skilled in Grecian lore, boys,
 Who always piles on more, boys,
 To drive dull care away.

We think it no harm in the least, boys,
 To have an occasional feast, boys,
 And turkey is the best, boys,
 To drive dull care away.

We think it is no sin, boys,
 To take the freshmen in, boys,
 And relieve them of their tin, boys,
 To drive dull care away.

We think it is but right, boys,
 On every Saturday night beys,
 To get most gloriously tight, boys,
 To drive dull care away.

FINALE.

So say we all of us,
 So say we all of us,
 So say we all.
 So say we all of us,
 So say we all of us,
 So say we all.

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

AIR—*Tramp! Tramp!*

Come now, classmates, raise the shout,
 Make the very air ring out
 With the joy that thrills our happy hearts to-night,
 For the digging times are o'er,
 We shall "grub" and "cram" no more,
 See! the realms of lazy Juniors are in sight.

CHORUS.

Oh, what jolly times are coming!
 Now young Juniors joyful shout;
 We'll skedaddle home ere long,
 Singing forth in happy song,
 Hail to seventy-five, the finest class that's out!

When we first were Sophomores,
 How we longed to see the shores
 Of that happy land where the Juniors dwell at ease;
 Now those shores are near to view,
 We have nothing else to do.
 But to watch the natives lounge beneath the trees.

Now then, Freshmen take command
 Of our own deserted land,
 You have it to improve and cultivate;
 "Toughy," Sophocles, and Taine
 Have concluded to remain,
 Make them leaders in your newly settled state.

Then hurrah for Seventy-five,
 'Tis the class with hope alive,
 'Tis the class we'll love and honor evermore;
 May the crowning glory be
 Of our University,
 Seventy-five, surpassing all that go before.

↑ RUBY LIPS.

Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips, ruby lips?
 Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips?
 Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips,
 When I am far away?

CHORUS.

Johnny Moran, Cusif, Cusan,
Kalamazoo of Michigan,
uh! Bad Man.

Oh, who will clasp her dainty waist,
When I am far away?

Oh, who will squeeze her little hand,
When I am far away?

Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe,
When I am far away?

Oh, who will wear my long tail coat,
When I am far away?

Oh, who will drink my little beer,
When I am far away?

Oh, who will sing my little song,
When I am far away?

SONG OF '75.

AIR—*The Little Octoroon.*

BY J. B. M'MAHON.

Hopes that long have tarried are fulfilled to-day,
And our hearts are beating light and free.
Let the unknown future bring whate'er it may,
This shall be a day of jubilee.

CHORUS.

Jolly boys and classmates join and sing,
Let Heaven's breezes with your pledges ring:
'Mid the world's rude clamors manfully we'll strive
In our loyal love for Seventy-Five.

Standing at the threshold of our college years,
Hope's bright crescent sheds its cheering light,
Side by side we've battled; now away with fears,
For to-day we're victorious in the fight.

Bonds of friendship closely round our hearts entwined,
With triumphant banners all unfurled,
Will we cherish ever what we leave behind
In this little world within a world.

HOW THE ARK WAS FILLED.

AIR—*When Johnny Comes Marching Home.*

The first two lines are to be sung by the class—the third and fourth quite plainly, by a trio or quartette.

The animals went into the ark,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The animals went into the ark,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The Camel jumped out of Central Park:
The Gorilla thought 'twas a jolly lark;

CHORUS.

And they all went into the ark for to get out of the rain.

The animals went in one by one, } *bis.*
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Old Noah he knew there'd be some fun.
So he laid in Pretzels forty tun,

And they all went into the ark for to get out of the rain.

The animals went in two by two, } *bis.*
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The Bully-frog and Toady too,
The Elephant and the Kangaroo,

And they all went into the ark for to get out of the rain.

The animals went in three by three, } *bis.*
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The bugs all thought they were going to sea.
With the Bumble-bee and the wicked flee,

And they all went into the ark for to get out of the rain.

The animals went in four by four, } *bis.*
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Twenty Ponies for a Sophomore,
And condition powders fifteen score,

And they all went into the ark for to get out of the rain.

The animals went in five by five, } *bis.*
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Freshman Shem had a cow to drive,
For Freshies must have milk to thrive,

And they all went into the ark for to get out of the rain.

The animals went in six by six, } *bis.*
Hurrah! Hurrah!

The Monkeys were up to their funny tricks,
And cut some canes for Senior sticks,

And they all went into the ark for to get out of the rain.

The animals went in seven by seven, } *bis.*
Hurrah! Hurrah!

But the Polywogs marched in eleven by eleven,
The Crocodile thought he'd got into heaven.

And they all went into the ark for to get out of the rain.

The animals went in eight by eight, } *bis.*
Hurrah! Hurrah!

Old Noah he 'lowed at such a rate
They'd bankrupt him as sure as fate,

And they all went into the ark for to get out of the rain.

The animals went in nine by nine, } *bis.*
Hurrah! Hurrah!

The Prodigal son and the herd of swine,
And the Junior's birds, the gobblers fine,

And they all went into the ark for to get out of the rain.

The animals went in ten by ten, } *bis.*
Hurrah! Hurrah!

The Shanghai rooster and Bantam hen,
Were crowing and eackling and crowing again,

And they all went into the ark for to get out of the rain.

They rammed, jammed in twenty by twenty, } *bis.*
Hurrah! Hurrah!

Old Noah he swore he'd lock the door,
For he'd be hanged if it wasn't a plenty,

And they all slammed, erammed into the ark for to get
out of the rain.

CLASS SONG.

AIR—*Die Wacht am Rhein.*

BY B. C. BURT.

Let every heart be full and strong,
And every voice be lifted high,
As now we sing our parting song,
As now we say our last good-bye.

CHORUS.

We sing our Alma Mater's praise,
 We bless the fruits of college days ;
 With loyal hearts we shout for Seventy-Five !
 With loyal hearts we shout for Seventy-Five !

All love to thee, and honor too,
 Dear Alma Mater, great, though young !
 Thy sons and daughters will be true,
 Thy name shall be on every tongue.

With joyful hopes we leave this place,
 Where knowledge and ambition grow ;
 Yet many a saddened heart and face
 Hence from dear friends and scenes must go..

O may the thought of these green days
 Within our hearts be kept alive ;
 May truth and wisdom give us bays,
 And give us love for Seventy-Five.

 LITTLE BLACK BULL.

A little black bull came down from the mountains, } *bis.*
 Shang-a-rang-i-roo.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelulah, } 3
 As we go marching on.

What makes that bull so solitacious? } *bis.*
 Shang-a-rang-i-roo.

Because he's lost his mate by gracious, } *bis.*
 Shang-a-rang-i-roo.

SONGS OF YALE COLLEGE.



OLD YALE.

A song for old Yale, for brave old Yale,
 Who hath stood in her glory long,—
 Here's honor and fame to her rev'rend name,
 And the mem'ries that round it throng.
 There's a thrill in the word which the heart hath
 stirred,
 Though breathed in a maiden's sigh,
 But as wild on the gale rings the rally of "Yale,"
 And stern as a battle cry.

CHORUS.

Then sing to old Yale, to brave old Yale,
 Who stands in her pride alone,
 And still flourishes she, like a hale green tree,
 When a thousand years have flown.

In the days of old, when our fathers bold,
 To the hills and the forests came,—
 At their altar fires kindled high desires
 In a pure and holy flame.
 Mid the towering wood like a stripling stood,
 Now so hearty and strong and hale,
 Where for ages shall stand as the pride of the
 land,
 And the guardian of liberty,—Yale.

In the soft Southern clime and the Arctic rime,
 By river and valley and dell,
 Where wanderers roam, and man finds a home,
 There her myriad offspring dwell;
 And the chorus of praise which together they
 raise,
 Comes sounding from mountain and vale,—
 "Till life's sun is set we will never forget,
 But honor and cherish old Yale."

ALMA MATER.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater! Heav'n's blessing attend thee,
 While we live we will cherish, protect and defend thee;
 Thy sons, dear old Yale, sing in loud, thrilling chorus,
 While we think of thy great men who've been here before us.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Alma Mater forever.
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Alma Mater forever.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater! we ne'er shall forget thee,
 Embalmed in the shrine of our hearts have we set thee;
 Thou haven of rest in life's tempest-torn ocean,
 Where calmly we rode in youth's wildest commotion.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater! watch o'er our last parting;
 Wipe away those sad tears that too soon may be starting;
 Whisper thou o'er our doubts, "Duty calls you, be
 brave,

Truth's soldier's are fainting, go, succor and save.

Be brave—be true—your country will love you,
 Be right—your might in God above you."

Alma Mater! Alma Mater! we'll bring to thy shrine,
 Our first fruits of Fame, let the offspring be thine;
 You trained our young minds, and you taught us to
 think,
 From thy classic fountains, rich draughts did we drink.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater! ere we visit thee more,
 These elms may be falling, all moss-covered o'er;
 Yet we'll tread thy old halls, though with ag'd footfall
 creeping,
 Their echoes shall wake joys that only were sleeping.

AUDACIA.

AIR—*Crambambuli*

Audacia, this is the title
 Of that good trait we love the best;
 It is the means which proves most vital,
 When evil fortunes us molest;
 Against all troubles, near and far,
 I seek thy aid—Audacia.

Go I into the recitation,
 Most like some nrching cavalier ;
 I banish doubt and hesitation,
 And meet all boring with a sneer !
 I vex the tutor, ha ! ha ! ha !
 And plague him with—Audacia.

And am I pleased with rosy slumber,
 Or have I business of my own,
 Excuses rise—a countless number,
 Which for the absence may atone ;
 I make a cold, or sad catarrh,
 Present it with—Audacia.

Did I possess the lofty station
 Of our dear Prex, so good and bright,
 On sheepskins at the graduation,
 This motto would I ever write :
 “ Vobiscum pertinacia
 Uti semper audacia.”

Do parents send a solemn letter,
 Made wiser by the Faculty,
 And gravely speak of actions better,
 Of virtue, laws, and piety ?
 How dutiful I write my ma
 Right filial with—Audacia.

But do not think our life is aimless ;
 Oh, no we crave one blessed boon ;
 It is the prize of value nameless,
 The honored, classic Wooden Spoon ;
 But give us this, we'll shout hurrah !
 Oh, nothing like—Audacia.

Ye plodders dull in all the classes,
 Your sad condition we deplore ;
 In knowledge's road ye are but asses,
 While we our ponies ride before ;
 Ho ! clear the track and flee afar,
 Make way for bold Audacia.

Audacia ! it still shall bear me
 Along the rugged path of life ;
 For every scene it shall prepare me ;
 At least it must procure a wife ;
 Then onward to life's earnest war,
 Lead on the charge—Audacia.

GAUDEAMUS.

Gaudeamus igitur,
 Juvenes dum sumus ;
 Gaudeamus igitur,
 Juvenes dum sumus ;
 Post Jucundam juventutem,
 Post molestam senectutem,
 Nos habebit humus,
 Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos,
 In mundo fuere ?
 Transeas ad superos,
 Abeas ad inferos,
 Quos si vis videre.

Vita nostra brevis est,
 Brevi finietur,
 Uenit mors velociter,
 Rapit nos atrociter,
 Nemini parcetur.

Vivat akademis,
 Vivant professores,
 Vivat membrum quolibet,
 Vivant membra quælibet,
 Semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines
 Faciles, formosæ !
 Vivant et mulieres,
 Teneræ, amabiles,
 Bonæ, laboriosæ.

Quis confluxus hodie
 Academicorum ?
 E longinquo convenerunt
 Protinusque successerunt
 In commune forum.

Alma Mater floreat,
 Quæ nos educavit,
 Caros et commilitones,
 Dissitas in regiones
 Sparsos, congregavit,

Vivat et republica
 Et qui illam regit,
 Vivat nostra civitas,
 Mæcenatum caritas,
 Quæ nos hic protegit.

Pereat tristitia,
 Pereant osores,
 Pereat diabolus,
 Quivis antiburschius,
 Atque irrisores.

LINONIA, THE WREATHS OF GLORY.

AIR—" *Crambambuli.*"

Linonia, the wreaths of glory
 Sit lightly on thy peerless brow ;
 With graceful song, and thrilling story,
 Thy name and praise are woven now.
 Then, brothers let the loud huzza
 Re-echo for Linonia !
 Long live Linonia,—Linonia !

From Northern rock and Southern valley,
 From crystal lake and prairie land,
 Her children at her summons rally,
 And gather round her hand in hand.
 Then let ring the loud huzza,
 For gallant, gay Linonia !
 Long live Linonia,—Linonia !

Her ancient halls have oft resounded
 With shout and song of victory ;
 By warm and fearless hearts surrounded.
 Her banners all wave merrily.
 Then onward, all, huzza, huzza !
 Fight bravely for Linonia !
 Long live Linonia,—Linonia !

Along the patient path of duty,
 Her voice shall cheer our weary way ;
 Beneath the trustful smile of beauty,
 Our thoughts to her shall often stray ;
 And ere our children lisp "mama,"
 We'll make them sing Linonia,
 Long live Linonia,—Linonia !

Then, brother, let the swelling chorus
 Our mingled pride and joy proclaim ;
 Linonia's shield is blazing o'er us,
 It lights the winding path of fame. .
 Then let it ring,—the proud huzza
 Three cheers for brave Linonia !
 Long live Linonia,—Linonia !

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

Lauriger Horatius.
 Quam dixisti verum,
 Fugit Euro citius,
 Tempus edax rerum,

CHORUS.

Ubi sunt, O, pocula,
 Dulciora melle,
 Rixæ, pax et oscula
 Rubentis puellæ.

Crescit uva molliter,
 Et puella crescit,
 Sed poeta turpiter,
 Sitiens canescit.

Quid iuvat æternitas
 Nominis ; amare
 Nisi terræ filias
 Licet, et potare !

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

Illiterally translated.

BY B. B. PORTER, '67.

Old man Horace, sprigg'd with bay,
 Truly you do say, sir,
 Time streaks faster on his way
 Than *two-forty* racer.

CHORUS.

Give us but our rum to sip ;
 We don't care a clam-shell,
 So we kiss the pouting lip
 Of the blooming damsel.

With bright beauty blush the grapes,—
 So the women show it ;
 Longing for their lovely shapes,
 Sings the tipsy poet.

Tell me what great fame avails,
 Save we can hug tightly
 All the jolly little “ quails,”
 And get somewhat *slightly*.

I-EEL.

As Freshmen first we came to Yale,
 Examinations make us pale.

CHORUS

Fol de rol de rol rol rol,
 Fol de rol de rol rol rol.
 Eel-i-eel, i-eel i-eel,
 Fol de rol de rol rol rol,
 Eel-i-eel, i-eel i-eel,
 Fol de rol de rol rol rol.

As Sophomores we have a task ;
 'Tis best performed with torch and mask.

In Junior year we take our ease,
 We smoke our pipe, and sing our glees.

In Senior year we act our parts,
 In making love and winning hearts.

And then into the world we come ;
 We've made good friends, and studied some.

The saddest tale we have to tell
 Is when we bid our friends farewell.

And till the sun and moon shall pale,
 We'll love and reverence Mother Yale.

LITORIA.

Yale College is a jolly home ;
 Swedelewedumbum,
 We love it still, where'er we roam,
 Swedelewedumbum.

DUET.

The very songs we used to sing,
 Swedeleweetchuhirasa,
 'Mid memory's echoes long shall ring,
 Swedelewedumbum.

CHORUS.

Litoria, Litoria, Swedeleweetchuhirasa ;
 Litoria, Litoria, Swedelewedumbum.

As Freshmen first we come to Yale :
 Examinations make us pale.
 But when we reach our Senior year,
 Of such things we have lost our fear.

As Sophomores we have a task—
 'Tis best performed with torch and mask—
 For Euclid dead the students weep,
 And bury him while tutors sleep.

In Junior year we study French ;
 Roberti pleads to an empty bench.
 When college life begins to swoon,
 It drinks new life from the Wooden Spoon.

As Seniors we all take our ease.
 We smoke our pipes and sing our glees.
 The saddest tale we have to tell,
 Is when we bid our friends farewell.

And then into the world we come :
 We've made good friends and studied some.
 And till the sun and moon shall pale
 We'll love and reverence Mother Yale.

 COCACHELUNK.

When we first came on this campus,
 Freshmen we, as green as grass ;
 Now, as grave and reverend seniors,
 Smile we over the verdant past.

CHORUS.

Cocachelunk-chelunk-chelaly,
 Cocachelunk-chelunk-chelay,
 Cocachelunk-chelunk-chelaly,
 Hi, O chick-a-chelunk-chelay

We have fought the fight together,
 We have struggled side by side ;
 Broken is the bond that held us,
 We must cut our sticks and slide.

Some will go to Greece or Hartford,
 Some to Norwich or to Rome ;
 Some to Greenland's icy mountains,
 More, perhaps, will stay at home.

When we come again together,
 Vigintennial to pass,
 Wives and children all included—
 Won't we be an uproarious class?

SHOOL.

I wish I was in Boston city,
 Where all the girls they are so pretty,
 If I didn't have a time 'twould be a pity,
 Dis cum bibble lolla boo. Slow reel.

CHORUS.

Shool, shool, shool, I rool,
 Shool, I shag-a-rack, shool-a-barb-a-cool,
 The first time I saw psilly, bally eel,
 Dis cum bibble lolla boo, slow reel.

Shool, shool, shool, I rool,
 Shool, I shag-a rack, shool-a-barb-a-cool,
 The first time I saw psilly, bally eel,
 Dis cum bibble lolla boo, slow reel.

I wish I was on yonder hill,
 For there I'd sit and cry my fill,
 And every drop should turn a mill,
 Dis cum bibble loila boo. Slow reel.

I wish I was a married man,
 And had a wife whose name was Fan,
 I'd sing her a song on this same plan,
 Dis cum bible lolla boo. Slow reel.

I CAME, AN EMERALD FRESHMAN.

AIR—*Derby Ram.*

I came an Emerald Freshman,
With just a dozen shirts,
A face unknown to whiskers,
A coat devoid of skirts.

CHORUS.

O, a coat devoid of skirts, sir,
A coat devoid of skirts,
O, a coat devoid of skirts, sir,
A coat devoid of skirts.

On knowledge was I bent, sir,
For learning I did pant ;
So, to College I was sent, sir,
To see the Elephant.

O, to see, etc.

The animal is "some," sir.
I've scrutinized him through,
From trunk to tip of tail, sir ;
I rather think I'll do.

O, I rather, etc.

O, College is the place, sir,
For jolity and fun ;
For four years take your ease, sir,
Repent when you have done.

O, repent, etc.

But now old Yale, I leave her,
To breast the waves of life ;
I'm going to serve my country,
And sport a pretty wife.

O, and sport, etc.,

When I get into business,
And count my numerous boys,
I'll send them to old Yale, sir,
To taste her bunkum joys.

O, to taste, etc.

BINGO.

A Marching or Street Song.

Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down,
 Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down,
 Here's to good old Yale,
 She's so hearty and so hale,
 Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down,
 Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
 Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
 Balm of Gilead,
 Way down on the Bingo farm.
 We won't go home any more,
 We won't go home any more,
 We won't go home any more,
 Way down on the Bingo farm.
 Bingo. Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Bingo.
 Way down on the Bingo farm.
 (Spoken) B-I-N-G—O.

THE SHEEP-SKIN.

When first I saw a "Sheep-skin,"
 In Prex's hand I spied it,
 I'd given my hat and boots, I would,
 If I could have been beside it;
 But now that last Biennial's past:
 I "skinned" and "fizzled" through;
 And so, in spite of scrapes and flunks,
 I'll have a sheep-skin too.

CHORUS.

I'll have a sheep-skin too,
 I'll have a sheep-skin too;
 The race is run, the Prize is won,
 I'll have a sheep-skin too.

Green elms are waving o'er us,
 Green grass beneath our feet,
 The ring is round, and on the ground
 We sit a class complete.
 But when these elms shall shed their leaves,
 This grass be turned to hay,
 We jolly souls who now are here,
 Will all be far away.

We'll be Alumni too,
 We'll be Alumni too,
 With white "degrees" we'll take our ease,
 And be Alumni too.

I tell you what, my classmates,
 My mind it is made up;
 I'm coming back three years from this,
 To take that silver cup.
 I'll bring along the "*requisite*,"
 A little white-haired lad,
 With "bib" and "fixings" all complete,
 And I shall be his dad.

And I shall be his dad,
 And I shall be his dad,
 And you shall see how this "A. B."
 Will look when he's a dad.

Then swell the chorus louder,
 And make the old Elms ring;
 Remember fellows, one and all,
 This is our parting "sing,"
 And blow the smoke and music out,
 In volumes full and strong,
 Till old 'Grove Hall,' 'York Square,' and all,
 Shall hear our farewell song.

Shall hear our farewell song,
 Shall hear our farewell song,
 Till old 'Grove Hall,' 'York Square,' and all,
 Shall hear our parting song.

SONG OF THE SPOON.

WORDS BY R. E. SMITH, '66.

Eyes of beauty, throng'd around thee
 Gaze upon thee Spoon to-night,
 Upidee, upidee, upidee, upidee, upida.
 In thy presence all our hearts
 Are full of merry, made delight,
 Upidee, upidee, etc.,

Laugh, be merry, merry, merry June;
 Kind, benignant June; jolly, jolly June;
 To her children gives the noble, gives the noble
 Wooden Spoon.

Blessings ever be upon thee—on thy honest
 wooden face,
 Strangely carven, mystic meanings.
 Shadow from thy stately grace.
 Upidee, upidee, etc.
 While the wave shocks
 Madly the rocks,
 Drops fall in spray,
 Jewels are they
 In the robes of night,
 In the locks of storms,
 Making darkness bright,
 Lighting our way,
 Then the dark, fearful wave,
 Sailors' home, sailors' grave,
 Seems to glow with delight,
 And it shines in pleasant mem'ries
 Through the night.
 Thus thro' our days
 When the waves beat high,
 And our souls reply
 In one constant tune,
 Still shall it cheer,
 Looking back upon mem'ries held so dear
 Wreathing the spoon.

CHORUS.

Spoon, Spoon, Spoon, Spoon,
 Wooden Spoon, Wooden Spoon,
 Wooden Spoon, Wooden Spoon,
 Wooden Spoon, Wooden Spoon,
 Wooden Spoon, Wooden Spoon.

But another year together,
 And with faces sad and pale,
 Upidee, npidee, etc.
 We must leave thee, and whatever
 We have had most dear at Yale.
 Upidee, npidee, etc.
 Other voices merrily will sing
 Thee a very king,
 Till the startled moon
 Yields her homage to the noble Wooden Spoon.

SONGS OF YALE COLLEGE.

Through the ages, ever dearer,
 Shall thy glory move along,
 And forever, louder, clearer,
 Shall thy praises swell the song.

Scatter flowers, scatter laughter,
 In his path who bears the Spoon ;
 Upidee, upidee, etc.
 And around him ever after,
 Still shall ring the merry tune.
 Upidee, upidee, etc.

Smile upon him, fairest of the fair,
 Let your beauty rare
 Grace the peerless boon :
 Brightest, dearest, noblest treasure, Wooden Spoon,
 And an honor shall it ever
 Be to him, the highest, best,
 'Till our college bond shall sever,
 And the parting hand be pressed.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

WORDS BY LONGFELLOW.

Stars of the summer night,
 Far in yon azure deeps,
 Hide, hide your golden light.

CHORUS.

She sleeps, my lady sleeps,
 She sleeps,
 She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Moon of the summer night,
 Far down yon western steeps,
 Sink, sink in silver light.

Wind of the summer night,
 Where yonder woodbine creeps,
 Fold, fold your pinions light.

Dreams of the summer night,
 Tell her, her lover keeps
 Watch, while in slumbers light.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, ladies,
 Good night, ladies,
 Good night, ladies,
 We're going to leave you now.

CHORUS.

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
 Merrily we roll along,
 O'er the dark blue sea.

Farewell, ladies,
 Farewell, ladies,
 Farewell, ladies,
 We're going to leave you now.

Sweet dreams, ladies,
 Sweet dreams, ladies,
 Sweet dreams, ladies,
 We're going to leave you now.

EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells, those evening bells,
 How many a tale their music tells,
 Of youth and home and that sweet time,
 When last I heard their soothing chime.
 Those evening bells, those evening bells,
 How many a tale their music tells.

Those joyous hours are passed away ;
 And many a heart that then was gay,
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells.
 Those evening bells, those evening bells,
 How many a tale their music tells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone ;—
 That tuneful peal will ring on ;
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.
 Those evening bells, those evening bells,
 How many a tale their music tells.

ALMA MATER O.

We're gathered now, my classmates, to join our parting
 song,
 To pluck from memory's wreath the buds which there so
 sweetly throng;
 To gaze on life's broad ruffled sea, to which we quickly
 go,
 But ere we start we'll drink the health of Alma Mater O.

CHORUS.

Oh, Alma Mater O,
 Oh, Alma Mater O—

But ere we start we'll drink the health of Alma Mater O.
 No more for us yon tuneful bell shall ring for morning
 prayers,
 No more to long Biennial we'll mount yon attic stairs;
 Our recitations all are passed—Alumnuses you know,
 We'll swell the praises long and loud of Alma Mater O.

We go to taste the joys of life, like bubbles on its tide,
 Now glittering in its sunbeams, and dancing in their
 pride;
 But bubble like they'll break and burst, and leave us
 sad, you know,
 There's none so sweet as memory of Alma Mater O.

Hither we came with hearts of joy, with joy we now will
 part,
 And give to each the parting grasp which speaks a
 brother's heart;
 United firm in pleasing words, which can no breaking
 know,
 For Sons of Yale can ne'er forget their Alma Mater O.

Then brush the tear-drop from your eye, and happy let
 us be,
 For joy alone should fill the hearts of those as blest
 as we;
 One cheerful chorus, ringing loud, we'll give before
 we go,
 The memory of college days and Alma Mater O.

Oh, Alma Mater O,
 Oh, Alma Mater O,
 Hurrah, hurrah, for college days and Alma Mater O.

BIENNIAL JUBILEE SONG.

AIR—*Nelly Bly.*

CHAS. H. OWEN, '60.

Sophs were groaning
 And condoling,
 Round Alumni Hall,
 Tutors thundered
 "No 'Old Hundred'
 Should be sung at all."
 But a hundred
 Voices muttered,
 Darkly 'round the door;
 Sad the moan
 And deep the groan,
 Biennials are a bore.

They searched our pockets,
 Watches, locket,
 When we all came in;
 They watched us, too,
 The morning through,
 As though we meant "to skin."
 But they didn't
 Think a minute,
 Of the water jug;
 We could keep
 A pony leaf
 In the bottom of the mug.

Ladies pretty
 Showed us pity,
 In Biennial;
 But the tutors,
Gallant tutors,
 Drove them from the hall;
 Then a hundred
 Tables thundered,
 Banged about the floor;
 Sad the moan
 And deep the groan,
 Biennials are a bore.

Tutor spies
 Shut their eyes

When they go to sleep ;
 Then how spry
 The " Equuli "
 When there's none to peek.
 Oh, tutors,
 Sleepy tutors,
 Lots of pony leaves,
 Rolled up tight,
 Out of sight,
 Carried in our sleeves.

Now we're Junes,
 Jolly Junes,
 Biennial is done ;
 Nothing now
 The whole year through
 But jolity and fun.
 Sophomore !
 Bow before
 Our magnificence !
 Freshman brat
 Take off your hat—
 No impertinence.

UPIDEE, (YALE VERSION.)

AIR—*Upidee.*

The shades of night were comin' down swift,
 Upidee, upida.
 The snow was heapin' up drift on drift,
 Upidee-i-da. —
 Through a Yankee village a youth did go,
 Carryin' a flag with this motto—
 Upidee, etc.

O'er his high forehead curled copious hair,
 He'd a Roman nose, and complexion fair ;
 He'd a light blue eye and a auburn lash,
 And he ever kep' a shoutin' through his moustache.

He saw thro' the windows, as he kept gettin' upper,
 A number of families sittin' at supper ;
 But he eyed those slippery rocks very keen,
 And fled as he cried, and cried while a fleein',

“ O, take care, you,” said an old man, “ stop !
It’s blowin’ gales up there ou top ;
You’ll tumble off on the tother side ! ”
But the hurryin’ stranger still replied,—

“ Oh, don’t go up such-a shocking night ;
Come, sleep on my lap,” said a maiden bright.
On his Roman nose a tear-drop come,
But still he remarked, as he upward clumb,—

“ Look out for the branch of the sycamore tree !
Dodge rollin’ stones, if any you see ! ”
Sayin’ which, the farmer went to bed,
And the singular voice replied, overhead,—

About a quarter past six the next forenoon,
A man accidentally goin’ up soon,
Heard spoken above him, as much as twice,
These very same words, in a very weak voice,—

Not far, I believe, from a quarter of seven,
He was slow gettin’ up, the road bein’ uneven,
He found, burried up in the snow and ice,
The boy, and his flag with the strange device.—

He’s dead, defunct, without any doubt ;
The lamp of his life entirely gone out ;
On the drear hill-side the youth was a-layin’,
And there was no more use for him to be a-sayin’,—

BULL-DOG.

Oh ! the bull-dog on the bank ;
 And tne bull-frog in the pool ;
Oh ! the bull-dog on the bank ;
 And the bull-frog in the pool.
Oh ! the bull-dog on the bank,
 And the bull-frog in the pool,
The bull-dog called the bull-frog
 A green old water fool.

CHORUS.

Tra la la la de o la de o,
Tra la la la de o la de o,
Tra la la la la tra la la la la,
Tra la la tra la la la la de o.

Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
 And the snapper caught his paw,
 Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
 And the snapper caught his paw,
 Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
 And the snapper caught his paw,
 The pollywog died a laughing
 To see him wag his jaw.

Says the monkey to the owl,
 Oh, what'll you have to drink?
 Says the monkey to the owl,
 Oh, what'll you have to drink?
 Says the monkey to the owl,
 Oh, what'll you have to drink?
 "Since you are so very kind,
 I'll take a bottle of ink."

TELL ME NOT.

AIR—*Cocachelunk.*

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
 Of long nights of weary toil;
 Broken and uneasy slumbers,
 And the wasting "midnight oil."

CHORUS.

Cocachelunk chelunk chelaly,
 Cocachelunk chelunk chela,
 Cocachelunk chelunk chelaly,
 Hi! O, chickachelunk chela.

Tell me not of unshorn whiskers,
 Of each gloomy Sophomore,
 Contemplating *Sophroniscus*,
 Cramming *Euclid* o'er and o'er.

Tell me not of old *Alcestis*,
 How she carried on of yore:
 She forever now at rest is,
 Though she was a precious bore.

Tell me not of fearful pleasures
 In the new Alumni Hall,
 How the tutors brought forth treasures,
 Hidden till Biennial.

For Biennials are fleeting,
 And our hearts are stout and brave ;
 And to-day, together meeting,
 Sing we o'er our tyrant's grave.

SOFT EYES ARE DREAMING.

AIR—*Ellen Bayne.*

BY JOHN MILTON HOLMES, '57.

Soft eyes are dreaming
 Round us to-night,
 Tenderly gleaming,
 Floating in light,
 Born 'mid the brightness,
 Plainly I see
 Love from her ambush,
 Aiming at me.

CHORUS.

Welcome be those starry eyes,
 Clothed in beauty's magic guise ;
 Bidding joy and mirth arise—
 Dreaming of me.

Sweet smiles are wreathing
 Fair lips to-night,
 Lips that are breathing
 The spirit's delight ;
 Telling of gladness,
 Telling of glee ;
 O! that their music
 Murmured for me.

CHORUS.

Welcome be the fairy smile,
 Charming with its magic wile,
 Yet, without a thought of guile,
 Beaming on me.

Warm hearts are beating
 Round us to-night,
 Giving to manhood
 Maidenly might—

Away with foreboding,
 It cannot but be
 That some heart is waiting
 Somewhere for me.

CHORUS.

Welcome be that waiting heart,
 Loving truth and spurning art,
 Of my hope, my life, a part,
 Beating for me.

SMOKING SONG.

AIR—*Sparkling and bright.*

BY F. M. FINCH, '49.

Floating away like the fountains' spray,
 Or the snow-white plumes of a maiden,
 The smoke-wreaths rise to the star-lit skies,
 With a blissful fragrance laden.

CHORUS.

Then smoke away till a golden ray
 Lights up the dawn of the morrow,
 For a cheerful cigar, like a shield, will bar
 The blows of care and sorrow.

The leaf burns bright, like the gems of light
 That flash in the braids of Beauty ;
 It nerves each heart for the hero's part
 On the battle-plain of duty.

In the thoughtful gloom of his darkened room,
 Sits the child of song and story ;
 But his heart is light, for his pipe beams bright.
 And his dreams are all of glory.

By the blazing fire sits the gray-haired sire.
 And infant arms surround him ;
 And he smiles on all in that quaint old hall,
 While the smoke-curls float around him.

In the forests grand of our native land,
 When the savage conflict's ended,
 The " Pipe of Peace " brought a sweet release,
 From the toil and terror blended.

The dark-eyed train of the maids of Spain,
 'Neath their arbor shades trips lightly,
 And a gleaming cigar, like a new-born star,
 In the clasp of their lips burns brightly.

It warms the soul, like the blushing bowl,
 With its rose-red burden streaming,
 And drowns it in bliss, like the first warm kiss
 From the lips with love-buds teeming.

THE DUTCH COMPANY.

Warble.

O when you hear the roll of the big base-drum,
 Then you may know that the Dutch have come.
 For the Deitch company is the best company,
 That ever came over from Old Germany.

CHORUS.

Hora, hora, hora, la, la, la, la,
 Hora, hora, hora, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, lae, tra, la,
 la, la, lae,
 Heis mine oyster rau.

WARBLE.

Tweedleum, tweedleum, trie, trei, tru, trie, trei, tru, trie,
 trei, tru,
 Tweedleum, tweedleum, trie, trei, tru, trie, trei, tru, tra,
 la, e-de, de.

When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war,
 When Deitch meets Deitch then comes the lager bier,
 For the Deitch company is the best company,
 That ever came over from Old Germany.

JACK AND GILL.

Jack and Gill went up the hill
 To fetch a pail of water,
 Jack fell down and broke his crown,
 And Gill came tumbling after.

CHORUS.

Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
 The cow jumped over the moon,

The little dog laughed to see the sport,
 And the dish ran away with the spoon, spoon,
 spoon,
 And the dish ran away with the—
 Oh, no ; we'll never get drunk any more,
 Oh, no ; we'll never get drunk any more,
 Oh, no ; we'll never get drunk any more,
 Never get drunk,
 Never get drunk,
 Never get drunk any more.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cup-
 board,
 To get her poor dog a bone ;
 When she got there the cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor dog got none.

Mother, may I go out to swim ?
 Oh, yes, my darling daughter ;
 Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
 But don't go near the water.

WARBLE.

Oh where, oh where is my little dog gone ?
 Oh where, oh where can he be
 With his tail cut short and his ears cut long ;
 Oh where, oh where can he be ?

COHRUS.

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la } *bis.*
 la la la la la la la la la la la la

Bologna Sausage is very good,
 And many of them I see ;
 Oh where, oh where is my little dog gone ?
 I guess that they make 'em of he !

We drinks lager bier three times a day,
 Mine frow, mine childer and me ;
 We rides in our carriage, and feels so gay,
 'Cause nobody's besser as we !

The moon was shining so bright and so clear,
 My mother was looking for me ;
 She may look, she may sigh, with a watery eye,
 She may look to the depths of the sea.

THE MERMAID.

'Twas Friday morn when we set sail,
 And we were not far from the land,
 When the captain spied a lovely mermaid,
 With a comb and glass in her hand.

CHORUS.

Oh, the ocean waves may roll,
 And the stormy winds may blow,
 While we poor sailors go skipping to the tops,
 And the land lubbers lie down below, be-
 low, below,
 And the land lubbers lie down below.

Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
 And a well spoken man was he ;
 " I have married a wife in Salem town,
 And to-night she a widow will be."

Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
 And a fat old cook was he ;
 " I care much more for my kettles and my pots,
 Than I do for the depths of the sea."

Then three times around went our gallant ship,
 And three times around went she,
 Then three times around went our gallant ship,
 And she sank to the depths of the sea.

THREE LITTLE DARKIES.

Three little darkies had a fight,
 They fit all day and they fit all night,
 And in the morning they were seen
 A-rolling down the Bowling Green.

CHORUS.

Steady on the bob-tail blue,
 Steady on the bob-tail blue,
 And in the morning they were seen
 A-rolling down the Bowling Green.

Two little darkies had a fight,
 They fit all day and they fit all night,
 And in the morning they were seen
 A-rolling down the Bowling Green.

One little darkey had a fight,
 He fit all day and he fit all night,
 And in the morning he was seen
 A-rolling down the Bowling Green.

Steady on the bob-tail blue,
 Steady on the bob-tail blue,
 And in the morning he was seen
 A-rolling down the Bowling Green.

SON OF A GAMBOLIER.

Oh ; Mary had a little lamb
 Whose fleece was white as snow,
 And everywhere that Mary went,
 The lamb was sure to go.
 It followed her to school one day,
 Which was against the rule,
 For it made the children laugh and play,
 To see a lamb at school.

CHORUS.

Come join my humble ditty,
 From Tippery town I steer ;
 Like every honest fellow
 I take my lager bier ;
 Like every honest fellow
 I drink my whiskey clear,
 I'm a rambling rake of poverty,
 The son of a Gambolier,
 The son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a
 Gambolier,
 The son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gambolier.
 Like every honest fellow
 I drink my whisky clear,
 I'm a rambling rake of poverty,
 The son of a Gambolier.

And so the teacher turned him out
 But still he lingered near,
 And waited patiently about
 Till Mary did appear.
 What makes the lamb love Mary so ?
 The eager children cry ;
 " 'Cause Mary loves the lamb you know,"
 The teacher did reply.

THE POPE HE LEADS A JOLLY LIFE.

The Pope he leads a jolly life,
 He's free from every care and strife ;
 He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,
 I would the Pope's gay life were mine.

CHORUS.

He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,
 I would the Pope's gay life were mine.

But he don't lead a jolly life,
 He has no maid or blooming wife,
 He has no son to raise his hope,
 Oh ! I would not be the Pope.

CHORUS.

He has no son to raise his hope,
 Oh ! I would not be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
 His life is full of jolity,
 He's wives as many as he will,
 I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.

CHORUS.

He's wives as many as he will,
 I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.

But still he is a wretched man,
 He must obey the Al-Koran,
 He dare not drink one drop of wine,
 I would not change his lot for mine.

CHORUS.

He dare not drink one drop of wine,
 I would not change his lot for mine.

So when the maiden kisses me,
 I'll think that I the Sultan be,
 And when my Rhenish wine I tope,
 Oh then I'll think that I'm the Pope.

CHORUS.

And when my Rhenish wine I tope,
 Oh then I'll think that I'm the Pope.

THE '73 IVY ODE.

 AIR—*Araby's Daughter*.

BY J. H. VAN BUREN.

Now softly be spoken the words that shall sever,
 The hearts that in friendship's firm ties have been
 bound,
 But long live the token of mem'ries that ever,
 Re-echo those words with hearts' tenderest sound.

CHORUS.

Tho' far we may wander when life's voices call us,
 Remembrances tender shall wield a sweet power ;
 On pinions more swift than the wings of the morning,
 Our hearts shall return to this sad parting hour.

Still linger we mournfully, farewells repeating,
 That tell but the depth of our brotherly love ;
 Tho' tears render sacred these moments fast fleeting,
 From grief springs the harvest that's garnered above.

Depart we now, leaving the token behind us,
 Of memories that never hereafter shall fail,
 Around our hearts twining, to gently remind us,
 Of days spent together as classmates at Yale.

 THREE CROWS.

It is the custom for some one to "line" each stanza before it is sung.

There were three crows sat on a tree.
 And they were black as crows could be.

Said one old crow unto his mate,
 "What shall we do for grub to eat?"

"There lies a horse on yonder plain
 Who's by some cruel butcher slain."

"We'll perch upon his bare back-bone,
 And pick his eyes out one by one."

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

BY G. F. ROOT.

There's music in the air,
 When the infant morn is nigh ;
 And faint its blush is seen
 On the bright and laughing sky.
 Many a harp's extatic sound
 With its thrill of joy profound,
 While we list enchanted there
 To the music in the air.

There's music in the air,
 When the noontide's sultry beam,
 Reflects a golden light
 On the distant mountain stream.
 When beneath some grateful shade
 Sorrow's aching head is laid,
 Sweetly to the music there
 Comes the music in the air.

There's music in the air,
 When the twilight's gentle sigh
 Is lost on evening's breast
 As its pensive beauties die.
 Then, O then the lov'd ones gone
 Wake the pure celestial song,
 Angel voices greet us there,
 In the music in the air.

JOHN BROWN.

John Brown had a little injun,
 John Brown had a little injun,
 John Brown had a little injun,
 One little injun boy.
 One little, two little, three little injun,
 Four little, five little, six little injun,
 Seven little, eight little, nine little injun,
 Ten little injun boys.
 Ten little, nine little, eight little injun,
 Seven little, six little, five little injun,
 Four little, three little, two little injun,
 One little injun boy.

NUN STANTES EPI.

AIR—*Sparkling and bright.*

BY C. S. ELLIOT, '67.

Nun stantes epi the State-house steps
 Nos omnes unite in chorus ;
 Phoboumen ou ullum Prof's sharp eye
 No tutors hic can bore us.

CHORUS.

Oun fill the air sun laetis shouts
 Dum *Pow-wow* ruleth solum
 Kai celebrate cum torch et horn
 To clarum Soph'more annum.

Cum sad and permaesto vultu
 Suffused sun many a tear,
 Mimueschometha tempora bona
 Of noster Freshman year.

En winter's gloom,—in secundo term
 Old Homer terminavimus ;
 Kai hina to stop all ponying
 Finimus jam Herodotus.

Tum Lucian para tou Halos came
 Et venit sine pony,
 Cogitantesque de this tristem rem
 Tutores gelosi foede.

Sed hoi lexicones still lay on the shelf
 "Ho gar hippos subvenit nos ;
 Haec fabula docet, septemque
 Sexagint' eqnos habituros."

Now spherics dire praecucurrerunt
 Foedus Algebra kai Euclid ;
 BREVITASQUE "blows" about our stands
 Et shakes his altam verticem

Oun dum fumus from our torches bright
 Ascendit to the heavens
 Phobesomen pantas owls of night
 Sun cheers for Sixty-Seven.

FAIRY MOONLIGHT.

Hail to thee, queen of the silent night,
 Shine clear, shine bright, yield thy pensive light ;
 Blithely we'll dance in thy silver ray,
 Happily passing the hours away.
 Must we not love the stilly night,
 Dressed in her robes of blue and white ?

Heaven's arches ring,
 Stars wink and sing,
 Hail, silent night,
 Fairy moonlight,
 Fairy, fairy, fairy moonlight,
 Fairy moonlight,
 Fairy moonlight,
 Fairy, fairy, fairy moonlight.

Dart thy pure beams from thy throne on high,
 Beam on through sky, robed in azure dye ;
 We'll laugh and we'll sport while the night-bird sings
 Flapping the dew from his sable wings,
 Sprites love to sport in the still moonlight,
 Play with the pearls of shadowy night ;

Then let us sing,
 Time's on the wing,
 Hail, silent night,
 Fairy moonlight.

THE DAY OF DEPARTURE IS COME.

To the celebrated German air, "Juvallera."

The day of departure is come, and our sail
 Already is spread to the favoring wind ;
bis. { Adieu, Alma Mater, adieu, dear old Yale,—
 We leave you to-day when yon sun has declined.

CHORUS.

Juvallera, juvallera, juvalle-valle valleria,
 Juvallera, juvallera, juvalle-valle-valleria.

As sadly the last parting moments glide past,
 With thoughts of the years that have peaceably
 flown,

bis. { We gaze upon life's stormy ocean at last
 And dread to embark on its waters alone.

Yet linger we may not; we sever to-day
 The last ties that fasten our bark to the shore;
bis. { And through the wide waste take our wearisome
 ways.
 To meet ne'er again till the voyage be o'er.

Then, comrades, as 'neath these dark elms we
 recline,
 We'll pledge one another to cherish this day;
bis. { Around Fifty-five fondest memories shall turn,
 And elm-girt Yale be remembered for aye.

WARBLE.

When the matin bell is ringing,
 Uralio,
 Uralio,
 From my rushy palet springing,
 Uralio,
 Urali—o,
bis. { Fresh as morning light forth I sally,
 With my sickle bright, thro' the valley,
 To my dear one gaily singing,
 Uralio,
 Uralio.

WARBLE.

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
 La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

When the day is closing o'er us.
 Uralio,
 Uralio,
 And the landscape fades before us,
 Uralio,
 Urali—o,
bis. { Wheu our merry men quit their mowing,
 And along the glen horns are blowing,
 Sweetly then we'll raise the chorus,
 Uralio,
 Uralio.

BA-BE-BI-BO-BU.

B-a-ba, B-e-be, B-i-bi, Ba-be-bi, B-o-bo, Ba-be-bi-bo, etc.
 B-u bu, Ba-be-bi-bo-bu.

SONGS OF HARVARD COLLEGE.



FAIR HARVARD.

Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
 And with blessings surrender thee o'er,
 By these festival rites, from the Age that is past,
 To the Age that is waiting before,
 O Relic and Type of our ancestors' worth,
 That hast long kept their memory warm!
 First flow'r of their wilderness! Star of their night,
 Calm rising thro' change and thro' storm!

To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth,
 From the home of our infantile years,
 When our fathers had warned, and our mothers had
 prayed,
 And our sisters had blest, thro' their tears.
 Thou then wert our parent,—the nurse of our souls,
 We were moulded to manhood by thee,
 Till freighted with treasure-tho'ts, friendships, and
 hopes,
 Thou didst launch us on Destiny's sea.

INTEGER VITAE.

LIB. I. ODA XXII. Q HORATHI FLACCI.

Integer vitae scelerisque purus non eget
 Mauris jaculis nec arcu,
 Nec venenatis gravaida sagittis,
 Fusce, pharetra;

Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas,
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem
 Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus
 Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in
 Sabina Dum neam canto Lalagen, et ultra

Terminum curis vagor expeditus
Fugit inermem.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis ;
Nec Jubae tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura ;
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata ;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT OLD HARVARD

A DRINKING SONG.

It's a way we have at old Harvard,
It's a way we have at old Harvard,
It's a way we have at old Harvard,
 To drive dull care away ;
 To drive dull care away,
 To drive dull care away,
It's a way we have at old Harvard,
It's a way we have at old Harvard,
It's a way we have at old Harvard,
 To drive dull care away.

For we think it is no sin, sir,
To take the Freshmen in, sir,
And ease them of their tin, sir,
 To drive dull care away ;
 To drive dull care away,
 To drive dull care away.
It's a way we have at old Harvard, etc.

For we think it is but right, sir,
On Wednesday and Saturday night, sir,
To get most gloriously tight, sir,
 To drive dull care away ;

To drive dull care away,
 To drive dull care away.
 It's a way we have at old Harvard, etc.

Brother Quidam is up in a pear tree,
 Brother Quidam is up in a pear tree,
 Brother Quidam is up in a pear tree,
 Io! io! io!
 Io! io! io!
 Io! io! io!

Once so merrily drinks he,
 Twice so merrily drinks he,
 Thrice so merrily drinks he,
 Io! io! io!

Brother Quidam's a jolly good fellow,
 Brother Quidam's a jolly good fellow,
 Brother Quidam's a jolly good fellow,
 As all of us can say;
 As all of us can say,
 As all of us can say.
 Once so merrily drinks he, etc.

FINALE.

The Song is ended by the following stanza to the tune of "God save the Queen."

So say we all of us,
 So say we all of us,
 So say we all.
 So say we all of us,
 So say we all of us,
 So say we all of us,
 So say we all!

THE ARTILLERIST'S OATH.

BY C. F. ADAM.

From out the wild flame of the furnace,
 Thou cam'st with labor fierce and earnest;
 As the glory of a queen,
 Oh! cannon is thy sheen;
 On thee in oath I lay my hand—
 True hold I out,
 With thee to fight,
 For home, for freedom, Father-land.

Thou art my bride, my stern faith swearing,
 True love to thee my heart is bearing ;
 As the song of nightingale,
 Borne on zephyrs o'er the vale,
 Thy voice can make my heart to bound ;
 With thee my song,
 In every hour,
 In echo loudly shall resound.

Soon for the wedding feast adorning,
 A veil of silver-grey, like morning,
 Shall, wreathed with laurels, shine,
 Upon thy brow sublime.
 And there, amid the echoing horn,
 The bullet song,
 The sabre clash,
 I'll wed thee in the battle's storm.

And when is come the hour of dying,
 The fire of life's weak match is flying,
 I'll crawl to thy rent side,
 And there, with heart-felt pride,
 Shout, while the breach supports my hand,
 True held I out,
 With thee to fight,
 For home, for freedom, Father-land.

'T WAS OFF THE BLUE CANARIES.

'Twas off the blue Canary isles,
 A glorious summer day,
 I sat upon the quarter deck,
 And whiffed my cares away ;
 And as the volumed smoke arose,
 Like incense in the air,
 I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth,
 It was my last cigar.

CHORUS.

It was my last cigar,
 It was my last cigar,
 I breathed a sigh to think in sooth,
 It was my last cigar.

I leaned upon the quarter rail,
 And looked down in the sea,

E'en there the purple wreath of smoke
 Was curling gracefully ;
 Oh what had I at such a time,
 To do with wasting care !
 Alas, the trembling tear proclaimed
 It was my last cigar.

I watched the ashes as it came,
 Fast drawing toward the end ;
 I watched it as a friend would watch
 Beside a dying friend ;
 But still the flame crept slowly on ;
 It vanished into air ;
 I threw it from me, spare the tale,—
 It was my last cigar.

I've seen the land of all I love,
 Fade in the distance dim ;
 I've watched above the blighted heart,
 Where once proud hope hath been ;
 But I've never known a sorrow
 That could with that compare,
 When off the blue Canaries,
 I smoked my last cigar.

LOVELY NIGHT.

BY F. X. CHWATAL.

Lovely night ! O lovely night,
 Spreading over hill and meadow ;
 Soft and slow thy hazy shadow,
 Soon our wearied eyelids close,
 And slumber in thy blest repose ;
 Soon our wearied eyelids close,
 And slumber in thy blest repose.

Holy night ! O holy night,
 Placing brighter worlds before us,
 Happiness thou shedest o'er us.
 O, that we might ne'er return
 To this dull earth to weep and mourn ;
 O, that we might ne'er return
 To this dull earth to weep and mourn.,

THE TWO ROSES.

On a bank two roses fair,
 Wet with morning showers,
 Filled with dew, in fragrance grew,
 As I, pensive, full of care,
 Gathered two sweet flowers ;

CHORUS.

Tell me, roses, truly tell,
 If my fair one loves me well.

This in leaves of white arrayed,
 Not a speck to dim them,
 So I find the spotless mind,
 Which adorns my spotless maid,
 Innocence's emblem.

Like her cheeks the blushing ray
 Which thy bud encloses ;
 Brighter far than you they are ;
 But her charms, if I should say,
 You'd be jealous, roses.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A SONG FOR THE CLASS OF '29, BY O. W. HOLMES.

Where, O where are the visions of morning, } 3.
 Fresh as the dews of our prime?
 Gone like tenants that quit without warning, } 3.
 Down the back entry of time.

Where, O where are life's lillies and roses,
 Nursed in the golden dawn's smile?
 Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
 On the old banks of the Nile.

Where are the Marys, and Anns, and Elizas,
 Loving and lovely of yore?
 Look in the columns of old Advertisers—
 Married and dead by the score.

Where the gray colts and the ten-year-old fillies,
 Saturday's triumph and joy?
 Gone like our friend, swift-footed Achilles,
 Homer's ferocious old boy.

Die away dreams of ecstatic emotion,
 Hopes like young eagles at play,
 Vows of unheard of and endless devotion,
 How ye have faded away.

Yet, though the ebbing of time's mighty river
 Leave our young blossoms to die,
 Let him roll smooth in his current forever,
 Till the last pebble is dry.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

Here's a health to the Queen, and a lasting peace ;
 To faction an end, to wealth increase.
 Come, let's drink it while we have breath.
 For there's no drinking after death ;
 And he that will this health deny,
 Down among the dead men,
 Down among the dead men,
 Down, down, down, down,
 Down among the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauties' health go 'round,
 In whom celestial joys are found ;
 And may confusion still pursue,
 The senseless woman hating crew ;
 And they that woman's health deny,
 Down among the dead men let them lie.

In smiling Bacchus' joy I'll roll,
 Deny no pleasure to my soul ;
 Let Bacchus' health still briskly move,
 For Bacchus is a friend to love ;
 And he that will his health deny,
 Down among the dead men let him lie.

May love and wine their rights maintain,
 And their united pleasures reign ;
 While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
 We'll sing the joys that both afford ;
 And they that won't with us comply,
 Down among the dead men let them lie.

DRINK TO ME ONLY. WITH THINE EYES.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I'll not ask for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a roseate wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there ;
 It could not withered be.
 But thou threon didst only breathe,
 And send'st it back to me ;
 Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

THE MERMAID.

'Twas Friday morn when we set sail,
 And we were not far from the land,
 When the captain spied a lovely mermaid,
 With a comb and a glass in her hand,
 Hand, hand,
 With a comb and a glass in her hand.

CHORUS.

O the stormy winds, how they blow,
 Blow, blow,
 And the raging seas how they go.
 While we poor sailors are climbing up aloft,
 And ye land lubbers lying down below,
 Below, Below,
 And ye land lubbers lying down below.

Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
 And a well spoken man was he ;
 " I have married a wife in Salem town,
 But to-night she a widow will be,
 Will be,
 But to-night she a widow will be."

Then up spoke the boy of our gallant ship,
 And a well spoken laddie was he ;
 " I've a father and mother in Boston city ;
 But to-night they childless will be,
 Will be,
 But to-night they childless will be."

" Oh, the moon shines bright, and the stars give
 light,
 Oh, my mother'll be looking for me ;
 She may look, she may weep, she may look to the
 deep,
 She may look to the bottom of the sea,
 Sea, sea,
 She may look to the bottom of the sea."

Then three times round went our gallant ship.
 Then three times round went she,
 And the third time that our gallant ship went
 round,
 She sank to the bottom of the sea,
 Sea, sea,
 She sank to the bottom of the sea.

SPARKING SUNDAY NIGHT.

AIR—Riding on a Rail.

Sitting in a corner, on a Sunday eve,
 With a taper finger resting on your sleeve,
 Starlight eyes are casting on your face their light :
 Bless me ! this is pleasant—sparking Sunday night !

How your heart is thumping 'gainst your Sunday vest :
 How wickedly 'tis working on this day of rest ;
 Hours seem but minutes, as they take their flight,
 Bless me ! aint it pleasant—sparking Sunday night !

Dad and mam are sleeping on their peaceful bed,
 Dreaming of the things the folks in meeting said ;
 " Love ye one another ! " ministers recite ;
 Bless me ! *don't* we do it—sparking Sunday night ?

One arm, with gentle pressure, lingers round her waist ;
 You squeeze her dimpled hand, her pouting lips you
 taste ;

She freely slaps your face, but more in love than spite ;
O, thunder ! aint it pleasant—sparking Sunday night !

But hark ! the clock is striking ! it's two o'clock, I snum,
As sure as I'm a sinner, the time to go has come ;
You ask with spiteful accents, if " that old clock is
right,"

And wonder if it ever sparked on a Sunday night.

One, two, three sweet kisses, four, five, six you hook ;
But, thinking that you rob her, give back those you took ;
Then, as forth you hurry, from the fair one's sight,
Don't you wish *each day* was only Sunday night ?

GIN-SLING.

AIR—*Good old Colony Times.*

In good old colony times,
When we lived under the king,
Each Saturday night we used to get tight,
A pouring down gin-sling.

CHORUS.

A pouring down gin-sling,
A pouring down gin-sling,
Each Saturday night we used to get tight,
A pouring down gin-sling.

And Senior, and Junior, and Soph,
And Freshman, and Tutor, and Prof.,
When once they began they never let off,
A pouring down gin-sling.
A pouring down, etc.

And Hollis used to roar,
And Stoughton used to sing,
When the rollicking rabble lay under the table
A pouring down gin-sling.
A pouring down, etc.

But times have changed since then,
And life's a different thing ;
And past are good old colony times,
When we lived under the king.
When we lived, etc.

UPIDEE.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 Tral la la,
 Tral la la,
 As through an Alpine village passed,
 Tral la la la la !
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,

CHORUS.

Upideei, deei, da,
 Upidee,
 Upida,
 Upideei, deei, da,
 Upideei, deei, da,
 R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r
 Yah ! yah ! yah ! yah !
 Upideei, deei, da,
 Upidee,
 Upida !
 Upideei, deei, da,
 Upideei da.

His brow was sad ; his eyes beneath,
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like silver clarion rung ;
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Upideei, etc.

“ O stay,” the maiden said, “ and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast ! ”
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answered with a sigh,
 Upideei, etc.

At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air,
 Upideei, etc.

A traveler, by the faithful hound.
 Half burried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device,
 Upideei, etc.

WHEN THE PURITANS CAME OVER.

For the Centennial Celebration of Harvard College, 1836.

AIR—*Dearest Mac.*

BY O. W. HOLMES.

When the Puritans came over,
 Our hills and swamps to clear,
 The woods were full of catamounts,
 And Indians red as deer,
 With tomahawks and scalping-knives,
 That make folks' heads look queer ;—
 O the ship from England used to bring
 A hundred wigs a year !

The crows came cawing through the air,
 To pluck the pilgrims' corn ;
 The bears came snuffing round the door,
 Whene'er a babe was born ;
 The rattlesnakes were bigger round,
 Than the butt of the old ram's horn ;
 The deacon blew, at meeting time,
 On every " Sabbath " morn.

But soon they knocked the wigwams down,
 And pine-tree trunk and limb ;
 Began to sprout among the leaves,
 In shape of steeples slim ;
 And out the little wharves were stretched,
 Along the ocean's rim,
 And up the little schoolhouse shot ;
 To keep the boys in trim.

And when at length the College rose,
 The sachem cocked his eye
 At every tutor's meagre ribs,
 Whose coat-tails whistle by ;
 But when the Greek and Hebrew words
 Came tumbling from their jaws,
 The copper-colored children all
 Ran screaming to the squaws.

And who was on the Catalogue
 When college was begun?
 Two nephews of the President,
 And the Professor's son.
 (They turned a little Indian by,
 As brown as any bun ;)
 Lord ! how the seniors knocked about
 The freshman class of one !

They had not then the dainty things,
 That commons now afford,
 But succotash and homony
 Were smoking on the board ;
 They did not rattle round in gigs,
 Or dash in long tail blues,
 But always on Commencement days,
 The tutors blacked their shoes.

THREE CROWS.

It is the custom for some one to "llne" each stanza before it is sung.

There were three crows sat on a tree.
 And they were black as crows could be.
 Said one old crow unto his mate,
 " What shall we do for grub to eat ?"
 " There lies a horse on yonder plain
 Who's by some cruel butcher slain."
 " We'll perch upon his bare back-bone,
 And pick his eyes out one by one."

THE TINKER AND COBBLER.

A DRINKING SONG.

Now since we've met let's merry merry be,
 Said the Tinker to the Cobbler.
 Now you say Tink ! and he'll say Ker !
 And you say Cob ! and he'll say Bler !
 Said the Tinker to the Cobbler.

" Tink," (said by 1st person,) " er," (2d person,)
 " Cob," (3d person,) " bler," (4th person,)
 Said the Tinker to the Cobbler.

MAID OF ATHENS.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, O give me back my heart!
 Or, since that has left my breast,
 Keep it now and take the rest.
 Hear my vow before I go, } *bis.*
 Zoe mou sas agapo.

By those tresses unconfined,
 Wooed by each Ægean wind;
 By those lids whose jetty fringe,
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
 By those wild eyes, like the roe,— } *bis.*
 Zoe mou sas agapo.

By that lip I long to taste,
 By that zone-encircled waist;
 By all the token flowers that tell
 What words can never speak so well,
 By love's alternate joy and woe,— } *bis.*
 Zoe mou sas agapo.

Maid of Athens, I am gone;
 Think of me, sweet, when alone;
 Though I fly to Istambol,
 Athens holds my heart and soul.
 Can I cease to love thee? no! } *bis.*
 Zoe mou sas agapo.

SHUCKING OF THE CORN.

Oh! what's the matter, Pompey?
 Oh! what's the matter now?
 The hens they are a cackling,
 And so's the brindled cow.

CHORUS.

For we're going to the shucking,
 We are going to the shucking,
 We are going to the shucking of the corn.
 I'll meet you in the morning,
 I'll meet you in the morning,
 I'll meet you in the morning,
 As sure as you are born.

O, Sally was a nice young girl ;
 She was a lovely girl, I vow ;
 She went into the garden,
 For to milk the brindled cow.

Her mother took in washing,
 Her name was Aunty Simms ;
 She had fourteen little children.
 And she used them for clothes pins.

Her father was a surgeon,
 His name was Dandy Jim ;
 He cut down all the trees,
 To amputate their limbs.

GRATULANDUM EST.

In "Doodle Yankee" Cantandum.

Qui alicujus grandus lau
 rea donati estis,
 Alumni spectatissimi,
 Salvete, qui adestis.
 Nunc rite gratulandum est,
 Nec abstinendum joco ;
 Peractis binis sæculis,
 Desipitur in loco.

CHORUS.

Nunc rite gratulandum est,
 Nec abstinendum joco ;
 Peractis binis sæculis,
 Desipitur in loco.

Majores nostri inclyti,
 Quos vocant Puritannos,
 Errabant, fato profugi,
 Per menses et per annos.
 Ad littus ubi ventum est,
 Spernentes egestatem
 Condebant, opus maximum,
 Hanc Universitatem.

Hic hodie conveniunt
 Novissimi nepotes,
 Et senes cum juvenibus,

Et pii sacerdotes.
 Prensare manus juvant nunc,
 Post annos, heu, veloces !
 Et bene notas, iterum,
 Audire, et dare, voces.

Dum fluvii præcipites
 In mare altum tendunt,
 Dum imber, nix, et tonitru
 Et nubibus decidunt,
 Dum soliti Catalogi
 Triennes imprimantur,
 Dum " literis Italicis
 Pastores exarantur,"—

Dum artibus ingenuis
 Tyrones imbuuntur,
 Dum fides, dumque probitas,
 In laudibus feruntur ;
 Cantanda semper omnibus,
 Dum vox, et aura, datur,
 Vigescat, atque valeat,
 Insignis Alma Mater !

IN SANITATEM OMNIUM, CA, CA.

In sanitatem omnium, ca, ca !
 In sanitatem omnium, ca, ca !
 Absentium, praesentium, strictissime bibentium,
 Ca, ca, ca, ca, ca, ca !

SONGS OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.



OLD BROWN.

AIR—*Araby's Daughter.*

BY JAMES A. DE WOLF, '61.

Alma Mater! we hail thee with loyal devotion
 And bring to thine altar our off'ring of praise;
 Our hearts swell within us with joyful emotion,
 As the name of Old Brown in loud chorus we raise.
 The happiest moments of youth's fleeting hours,
 We've passed 'neath the shade of these time honored
 walls;
 And sorrows as transient as April's brief showers,
 Have clouded our life in Brunonia's halls.

And when we depart from thy friendly protection,
 And boldly launch out upon life's stormy main,
 We'll oft look behind us with grateful affection,
 And live our bright college days over again.
 When from youth we have journeyed to manhood's high
 station,
 And hopeful young scions around us have grown,
 We'll send them with love and with deep veneration,
 As pilgrims devout to the shrine of Old Brown.

O, BRUNONIA!

AIR—*Red, White and Blue.*

O, Brunonia! the pride of Rhode Island;
 Thou goddess of science and lore;
 Thy children in valley, and highland,
 Shall sing to thy praise evermore.
 The breezes that toy with thy tresses,
 Thy laurels and star-gleaming crown,
 Sing ever, amid their caresses,
 The honor and glory of Brown,

CHORUS.

The honor and glory of Brown,
 The honor and glory of Brown,
 Sing ever, amid their caresses,
 The honor and glory of Brown.

When England's accursed oppression,
 Brought battle and blood to our shores ;
 When the blustering winds of secession,
 Burst open thy time honored doors,
 Thy precepts so gloriously heeding,
 On tyrant and rebel to frown ;
 Thy children like heroes fell bleeding,
 And died for the glory of Brown.

O, a health to the temples of learning,
 Which honor America's strand !
 May their vestal fires ere kept burning,
 Enlighten, ennoble the land.
 Undimm'd be their lustre, and never
 Be sullied their spotless renown,—
 Our cherishing mother, forever !
 Hurrah for the glory of Brown.

 NAENIA LIBRORUM.

German Air.

Nunc canamus tristes nos,
 Funeribus naeniam,
 Nostros luctus gravidos,
 Et quaerimoniam.
 Lugens, lugens, qui audiant.
 Elegiam operum quæ non sunt,
 O Væ, O Væ, O Væ,
 Cantemus misere.

Lumine funalium
 Portamus leniter
 Libros, quorum exitum
 Venit celeriter.
 Mærore, mærore flemus nos,
 Et lacrimæ fundunt oculos,
 O Væ, O Væ, O Væ,
 Cantemus misere.

Flumine olruimus
 Peracta opera ;
 Piscibus commisimus
 Finita studia.
 Quiescant haec in luto moes
 In luto qua est semper nox.
 O Væ, O Væ, O Væ,
 Cantemus misere.

Libri nunc sepulti sunt :
 Nunc carmen finitum ;
 Funalia extincta sunt ;
 Regnat silentium.
 Quietè, quietè labrimur,
 Et scapha per undas vehitur,
 O Væ, O Væ, O Væ,
 Cautemus misere.

 BOATING SONG.

AIR—*Cannibal Islands.*

Oh when I cut paternal ties,
 And College Hill first blessed my eyes,
 I failed to take an entering prize,
 But soon became a boatman.

CHORUS.

So up and down we float and row,
 Against or with the tide we go ;
 How dear are Seekonk's ebb and flow,
 To the boating-men of Brown, boys.

The *crabs* they followed in my wake,
 And oft my feathering bones did ache,
 But I was game, resolved to take
 Position as a boatman.

They say that training is a bore,
 It's pains I cheefully endure,
 And hope to pull a winning oar,
 With other college boatmen.

And when I'm gouty grown and sore,
 And use a crutch and not an oar,
 I'll live my College days once more,
 And wish I were a boatman.

TRAINING FOR BROWN.

 AIR—*I love a sixpence.*

I love my lager, jolly, jolly lager.
 I love my lager when I drink it down.
 Now about drinking I can't be thinking,
 I've got to train for the honor of Brown.

CHORUS.

Oh the pipes and the grog they must leave us,
 On raw beef they will feed us,
 And oatmeal porridge they will give us,
 To train for the honor of Brown.

Up in the morning, wind and weather scorning,
 Straight to the boat-house you must run down.
 What if tis' raining? Why you are training—
 Pull your six miles for the honor of Brown.

No time for joking when you give up smoking,
 And in the evening all your woes to crown,
 Other's clouds are flowing, when you to bed are
 going,
 Turning in at nine for the honor of Brown.

Freshmen if ever to train you endeavor,
 "Credite experto," this rule I lay down.
 He must bear privation, toil and vexation,
 Who would pull a race for the honor of Brown.

 OLD SUKEY.

 AIR—*Lord Lovell.*

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE CLASS OF '64.

Old Sukey she stood at the College gate
 A scratching her milk-white ear;
 They've taken away my bossie, she cried,
 Oh, where shall I find my dear-ear-ear,
 Oh, where shall I find my dear?

"Now where are you going?" the Sophomores
 cried,

"And where are you going?" cried they;
 And laying his hands on Sukey's horns,

They led her slowly away-way-way,
They led her slowly away.

And they dressed her up in a gaudy suit,
That covered her ancient hide,
And tried to paint, with Sophomore skill
Their likeness on her side-ide-ide,
Their likeness on her side.

Now Sukey went forth at the dawn of day,
And she wandered down the street,
And the people smiled as they looked away
From the Sophomore's cowardly feat-eat-eat,
From the Sophomore's cowardly feat.

"Have you found your calf?" a schoolboy cried,
"Have you found your calf?" cried he.
"I've found some calves," Old Sukey replied,
"But they do not belong to me-me-me.
But they do not belong to me."

SONGS OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.



LET EVERY YOUNG SOPHOMORE.

Let ev'ry young Sophomore fill up his glass,
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 And drink to the health of our glorious class,
 Hetairoi Chairete!

CHORUS.

Oh, Hetai, Hetai, Hetairoi,
 Hetai, Hetai, Hetairoi,
 Hetairoi, Hetairoi, Hetairoi Chairete!

The Algebra's burnt, and the ashes are near,
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 Of "flunks" and Phi Beta no more shall we hear,
 Hetairoi Chairete!

Sines, Cosines, and Tangents are things that once
 were,
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 But over them still "pæne" Sophomores swear,
 Hetairoi Chairete!

McLaurin and Taylor have "bored" us in vain,
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 For no one would touch them who valued his brain,
 Hetairoi Chairete!

Geometry's problems we've puzzled all through,
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 But awful were some of the figures we drew,
 Hetairoi Chairete!

Surveying we've studied and "laid on the shelf,"
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 How apt was each fellow to "level" himself,
 Hetairoi Chairete!

Though we think Mathematics decidedly flat,
 Hetairoi Chairete!
 We'll heartily cheer Mathematical "Pat,"
 Hetairoi Chairete!

I'VE A JOLLY SIXPENCE.

OR, ROLLING HOME.

I've a jolly sixpence, a jolly, jolly sixpence,
 I love a sixpence as I love my life ;
 I'll spend a penny of it, I'll lend a penny of it,
 I'll carry fourpence home to my wife.

CHORUS.

May the pipe and the bowl never leave us,
 Kind friends never deceive us,
 And happy is the one that shall meet us,
 As we go rolling home.
 Rolling, reeling, rolling, reeling, rolling home,
 Rolling, reeling, rolling, reeling, rolling home,
 And happy is the one that shall meet us,
 As we go rolling home.

I've a jolly fippence, a jolly, jolly fippence,
 I love a fippence as I love my life ;
 I'll spend a penny of it, I'll lend a penny of it,
 I'll carry a threepence home to my wife.

I've a jolly fourpence, a jolly, jolly fourpence,
 I love a fourpence as I love my life ;
 I'll spend a penny of it, I'll lend a penny of it,
 I'll carry twopence home to my wife.

THE YOUNG OYSTERMAN.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

There was a tall young oysterman lived by the river ride,
 His shop it was upon the bank, his boat was on the tide,
 The daughter of a fisherman that was so straight and slim,
 Liv'd over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

CHORUS.

With a Rook-chee-took, che-took-che-took-che,
 Whack ! Fol lol-liddle-lol-la-day.

It was the pensive oysterman, that saw a lovely maid,
 Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade ;
 He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
 "I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks
 away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
“ I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear the folks
should see,

I read it in the story book, that for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont, and I will swim this here.”

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shin-
ing stream,

And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight
gleam ;

Oh, there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as
rain,—

But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps
again !

Out spake the ancient fisherman,—“ Oh what was that,
my daughter ? ”

“ 'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the
water.”

“ And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off
so fast ? ”

“ It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming
past.”

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“ Now bring me my
harpoon !

I'll get into my fishing boat, and fix the fellow soon.”

Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow white
lamb,

Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like sea-weed
on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones ! she waked not from her
swoond.

And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was
drowned ;

But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe.
And now they keep an oyster shop for mermaids down
below.

MATHEMATICAL JORDAN.

MATTHEW MATICS was a pest, it must be confessed ;
 He used to like to plague us, accordin' ;
 Could he only make us grieve, he would laugh in his
 sleeve ;
 But he's gone to the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

Away with your *cards*, boys, down with your *sleeve*,
 There's no danger of *stunking*, I believe.

He used to have a wife—the plague of our life—
 Her name was *Anna Lytical*, accordin' ;
 She used to like to bore us, and try to come it o'er us ;
 But she's gone to the other side of Jordan.

He'd a son—so they say—whose name was *Alger Bray*,
 But the last time we saw him, accordin',
 In Charon's boat he sat, with a ticket in his hat,
 Marked "Through to the other side of Jordan."

Now Charon had knowledge,—for he'd been thro' college
 And studied Navigation, accordin' ;
 So he struck a RHUMB-LINE in double quick time,
 And took him to the other side of Jordan.

He'd a short-lived relation, with a big appellation—
Sir Veying was his title, accordin' ;
 He took a short airing, *but soon reversed his bearing*,
 And he started for the other side of Jordan.

One night Matthew Matics was attacked with rheumatics,
 And the doctor was sent for, accordin' ;
 But he gave up the case for Mat had run his race,
 And was bound for the other side of Jordan.

But he traveled very slow, for he didn't want to go,
 And he didn't want to leave us, accordin' ;
 At the very last station, he cried, " Examination,"
 Then left for the other side of Jordan.

But now they have gone, let us all take a *horn*,
 And all have a good time, accordin' ;
 Drink peace to their ashes, in good brandy smashes,
 For they've gone to the other side of Jordan.

The Soph. year has passed, the end's come at last,
 And we'll soon be Juniors, accordin' ;
 We'll have Hi Drostatics instead of Matthew Matics,
 Who has gone to the other side of Jordan.

According to my knowledge, we're half through college
 But we won't mind the other half, accordin',
 But go into *ecstatics* over old Matthew Matics,
 Who has gone to the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

Put on your coat, boys, roll down your sleeve,
 There's no Matthew Matics to battle, I believe.

 JUBILATE.

AIR—*It's a way we have at Old Harvard.*

BY AI BAKER THOMPSON.

We have come together to-night Boys,
 With hearts merry and light, Boys,
 In accordance with our right, Boys,
 To have a jubilee, etc.

Released from care and vexation,
 And the pangs of recitation,
 We're just in a situation,
 To have a jubilee, etc.

We've studied mathematical science,
 In sullen reluctant compliance,
 With "the laws" which we set at defiance,
 To have a jubilee etc.

We loathe *mathematicas artes*,
 Thesis et ictus et arsis,
 In animo all of our class is,
 To have a jubilee, etc.

Then fill up the bowl to the brim, Boys,
 With brandy, nor wine, nor gin, Boys,
 For these cause the brain to swim, Boys,
 Hurrah for a jubilee, etc.

SONGS OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE.



THE MOUNTAINS.

BY S. W. GLADDEN.

O, proudly rise the monarchs of our mountain land,
With their kingly forest robes, to the sky,
Where Alma Mater dwelleth with her chosen band,
Where the peaceful river floweth gently by.

CHORUS.

The mountains! the mountains! we greet them with a
song,
Whose echoes rebounding their woodland heights
along,
Shall mingle with anthems that winds and fountains
sing,
Till hill and valley gaily, gaily ring.

The snows of winter crown them with a crystal crown,
And the silver clouds of summer round them cling;
The Autumn's scarlet mantle flows in richness down;
And they revel in the garniture of Spring.

O, mightily they battle with the storm-king's power;
And conquerors shall triumph here for aye;
Yet quietly their shadows fall at evening hour,
While the gentle breezes round them softly play.

Beneath their peaceful shadows may old Williams stand,
Till suns and mountains nevermore shall be,
The glory and the honor of our mountain land,
And the dwelling of the gallant and the free.

IN THE GRANDEUR OF AGE.

AIR—*Trancadillo*.

BY CHARLES H. EVEREST, '59.

In the grandeur of age,
 And the pride of its might,
 Stands the home of the sage,
 And the student's delight.

CHORUS.

Then echo, re-echo,
 Ye cliffs, stern and hoary,
 The name that we honor,
 "Old Williams," our glory.

The pibroch shall sound
 From its turrets of light,
 And the war-cry rebound
 From the plain to the height.

Its wild rolling strain
 The nations shall hear,
 And o'er land and main
 Cry "Deliverance is near."

Truth's torch-light shall shine
 Till it fire every clan,
 Till Earth is a shrine,
 Its priesthood is man.

THE WILLIAMS CAROL.

AIR—*Over the Mountain Wave*.

BY H. C. UNDERWOOD, '62.

Amid the mountains grand
 We have our home,
 Rising on either land,
 Where'er we roam,
 Lofty and beautiful,
 Noblest are they,
 That the sun lingers on,
 Sinking away.

Down in the narrow glen,
 Twixt the high hills,

Rushes the glassy brook,
 Drinking the rills ;
 And here the Hoosac flows,
 Swiftly and gay,
 Rippling light, sparkling bright,
 Over its way.

Meadows here, broad and fair,
 Smiling in bloom,
 Burden the mountain air,
 With their perfume,
 And, in the maple groves,
 Sweetly and clear,
 Sing the birds to the herds,
 Wandering near.

Williams hath noble sons,
 Manly and free ;
 Williams hath blooming maids,
 Witching to see.
 Sing of her glory, then,
 Loudly and long ;
 Spread her fame, sound her name,
 Ever in song.

WAY DOWN IN THE HOOSICK VALLEY.

AIR—*Angelina Baker.*

BY JOHN A. FRENCH, '62.

Way down in the Hoosick valley
 Minds put forth their shoots,
 And many weary hours are passed
 In grubbing lingual roots.
 There I fizzled and there I flunked
 So mournful all the day ;
 Till the welcome pony came at last,
 And bore my toil away.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, the welcome pony !
 Hurrah, the welcome pony's come !
 We rake an X in the face of Prex,—
 Professors all are dumb.

That pony's so extremely shy,
 It always comes to pass,
 That when a *Lynx*-eyed Prof. is nigh
 He's sure to "go to grass."
 But when, as soon as the Prof. is gone,
 The student doth essay
 In spite of Prex and Prof. to ride,
 The pony ne'er says *neigh*.

A knowing brute's this beast of ours ;
 Like Balaam's ass of old,
 He speaks more truth from his *pony* skull
 Than his rider's brains can hold ;
 And it's no expense to ride this beast,
 As Profs. have often feigned ;
 In other rides you spend an X,
 By this an X is gained.

BIENNIAL.

AIR—*Villikins and his Dinah*.

BY GILES BABCOCK, JR., '60.

As Prex sat one evening a-talking with Line,
 "I will tell you," said he, "now just what I think ;
 These Soph'mores, dear Isaac, are too merry by half,
 So let's give them something that won't make them
 laugh."

CHORUS.

With tortures and torments, with pain and with woe
 We'll vex them and rack and bully them so,
 That their courage will vanish, their numbers decrease,
 And the dear little Freshmen will then rest in peace.
 "That's gay," cried Prof. Lincoln, "yes, that is just
 right,
 I'd murder those Soph'mores if only through spite :
 With "Synonyme Pudding" and cold Balbus Pie,"
 We'll stuff the young scoundrels, and they'll surely die."

So a "Faculty meeting" was held that same night,
 And Tatlock reported his whole class as *tight* :
 "The fellows," said he, are exceedingly frisky ;
 They get their *good spirits* from the *spirits* in whisky."

“ I’ve hit it at length,” cried Prof. Linc with great glee,
 “ I’ve thought of a plan on which we’ll agree,
 Let’s get from N. Haven that terrible beast
 That will make of the Soph’mores a rich, dainty feast.”

“ His body is Latin, pure Greek is his breast,
 His skin is tough *Calculus*: but, what is best,
 Blazing *formulae* stream from his mouth to the ground,
 And he belches *Greek roots* from his nostrils around.”

“ His ravenous jaws are terribly wide,
 And with rows of sharp *synonymes* are well supplied ;
 They call him *Biennial*, and it is said
 The name of the monster fills Soph’mores with dread.”

As Hercules vanquished the “ Nemean Lion,”
 As wild beasts were slain by the giant Orion ;
 So the horrid Biennial was killed by the ranks,
 Of Soph’mores marshaled in deadly phalanx.

But seven fierce battles were fought by them all,
 And the struggle was dreadful before he would fall,
 Till at length from each lip shouts of victory rang,
 And after this manner the Soph’mores sang.

THE GALLANT YOUNG SOPHOMORE.

BY FRANK E. COOK, '68.

A Sophomore once to Williams came,
 The hero of our story,
 His affectionate dad had sent him here,
 To tread in the paths of glory.
 He sported a bran new plug and cane,
 And a black moustache he wore,
 With a pair of gig-lamps on the bridge of his
 nose,
 This gallant young Sophomore.

CHORUS.

With a whack row dow a fiddle de dee,
 And a whack row dow, row dow,
 With a whack row dow a fiddle de dee,
 Hurrah for the Sophomore.

He dressed right up in the top of style,
 With any supply of suits,

And went to the Chapel on Sundays fair
 In patent-leather boots.
 A pair of beautiful lavender klds
 On his milk-white hands he wore,
 He played "short-stop" on the College Nine,
 This gallant young Sophomore.

He had a supply of classical steeds,
 On which he could gracefully ride,
 And fakir his X from innocent Prof's,
 Detection he defied.
 He had whist down to a very fine thing,
 And could make the ten-pins roar;
 He smoked "green-seal" in a bully meerschaum
 This gallant young Sophomore.

On his left lapel was a great, big badge,
 With a beautiful, golden chain,
 Which melted the heart of a nice, young girl,
 And her name it was Betsey Jane;
 Now Betsey loved him ever so much,
 And called him "Ingomar."
 He called her his "Parthenia,"—
 This gallant young Sophomore.

Her cruel mamma kept a boarding-house,
 Where she took the Students in,
 And gave them bad board at a mighty big price
 Which eased them of their tin.
 Now when she heard of this tale of love,
 To Betsey Jane she swore,
 She'd take and burn up her "water-fall,"
 If she went with this Sophomore.

Poor Betsey wept the whole day long,
 And didn't know what to do;
 For she knew, if she lost her "water-fall,"
 She'd lose her lovyer too.
 But at length she dried up her briny tears,
 Which down her cheeks did pour,
 And vowed to keep her "water-fall,"
 And give up her Sophomore!

When Sophy heard of this terrible vow,
 His heart began to boom
 Like the beating of fifty Dutchmen at once

On the head of a big, base drum,
 And so he concluded to drown himself,
 And hastened to the shore
 Of the Hoosic, gliding gently by,
 This miserable Sophomore.

He divested himself of his hat and coat,
 Then plunged sublimely in ;
 But, as the waters closed over his head,
 He quickly concluded to swim.
 " I'll be darned, if I leave this jolly old earth.
 So long my time before.
 For all the Betsey Janes in the world,"
 Said the sensible Sophomore.

Miss Betsey married a farmer soon,
 Whose business was to keep,
 And fatten well, the whole year round,
 A big supply of sheep ;
 For he sold sheep-skins to the Faculty
 To write " diplomas " for
 The graduates ; and, in the course of time,
 Sold one for the Sophomore.

OLD WILLIAMS, 'TIS OF THEE.

AIR—*America.*

BY E. B. PARSONS, '59.

Old Williams, 'tis of thee,
 Fountain of jollity,
 Of thee we sing ;
 Let streams of friendship glide,
 Send forth a joyous tide,
 From every mountain side
 Let laughter ring.

Our noble vessel, thee,
 Craft of the wise and free,
 Thy name we love ;
 Our chieftain we revere,
 Our leaders all we cheer,
 O'er angry waves they steer,
 The waves above.

Sons of Old Williams, ye,
 Earth's true nobility,
 Receive our song ;
 Teachers are in your band,
 There poets, statesmen stand,
 And holy men command
 Truth to prolong.

Old Williams, Hail to thee !
 May Berkshire never see
 Thy shadow less ;
 May true men throng thy halls,
 And, when they leave thy walls,
 Obey the world-wide calls,
 Mankind to bless.

MY WHISKER.

AIR—*Old Arm Chair.*

BY ROBERT JACKSON, '54.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
 To chide me for loving that whisker up there ;
 I have lost many friends 'mid the storms of the world,
 Yet close to my cheek has that dear whisker curled.

My father wore such when my youth first began,
 And I said I would, too—when I grew up a man ;
 And my spirit exulted—though perhaps it was weak—
 When the first tender down grew like fringe on my cheek.

I have long watched their growth, and my eye oft has
 dimmed,
 At the loss in their size when those whiskers I trimmed ;
 And the scissors have cut those dear hairs into shape,
 And the razor has given them a *hair-breadth* escape.

I care not how hairy I may look or may be,
 I care not though boys say " old hairy " to me ;
 These dear curly whiskers have clung to me long,
 And to cut them off now for a sneer would be wrong.

Then call me not weak if I still should declare,
 I love it, I love it, that small tuft of hair ;
 It has twined round my heart, and my face in my need,
 And to cut it off now would be *bare-faced* indeed.

(H)OSSEOUS PHILOSOPHY.

AIR—*Cocachelunk*.

BY JOHN A. FRENCH, '62.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
 College life is but a scheme
 To waste the soul in raking X's—
 All things else are but a dream.

CHORUS.—*Cocachelunk*, etc.

Tell me not of mental feasting,
 O, good Prof., in solemn tones ;
 We reply in words of Scripture,
 It is *meet* to have our *Bohns*.

Deadly fakiring and not grubbing,
 Fills our college life with mirth ;
 Make no *bones* when brains do fail you,
 Of making *Bohns* supply the dearth.

Grub no Latin, howe'er easy ;
 Murdered Greek must bury its dead.
 Fear not, ghost of outraged Homer,
 " Show your *bones* and punch his head."

Upper classes' lives remind us
 We may make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
Bohns among the sands of time.

Bohns, it may be, that another,
 Grubbing with his might and main—
 Some poor fizzling, flunking brother,
 Finding, may " rush " on again.

Let us, then, be ever grubbing,
 Fakiring with a *Bohn* so fast,
 Till Old Bones, with scythe and hour-glass,
 Comes to *fakir* us at last.

SONGS OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE.



FULL FAR AWAY A CITY STANDS.

AIR—*Au'd Lang Syne.*

BY EDWARD NEALLEY, '58.

Full far away a city stands,
 'Mid three-fold walls of years,
 The soul-sea washes on its strands,
 Its skies are smiles and tears.
 There dwell all those who've gone before,
 There soon shall gather we ;
 Yet they who there give hand to hand,
 That warm hand never see.

CHORUS.

There dwells all those who've gone before,
 There soon shall gather we ;
 Yet they who there give hand to hand,
 That warm hand never see.

The brimming cup we there shall drink,
 No clinking answer lends,
 The jovial song we there shall sing,
 In silence 'gins and ends.
 But in that land will meet full oft,
 This goodly company,
 And each to each a health will quaff
 In the land of *Memory.*

MAY TRAINING ODE.

AIR—*There's nae Luck.*

In Brunswick town was heard a cry,
 A voice came thro' the air,
 And students, tho' they knew not why,
 Must now to train prepare.

For 'tis look, look, turn, turn, dig, dig away,
And not a bit of fun they have upon a training day!

The voice rang loud in Bowdoin's hall,
Then rose her martial star,
Her students early heard the call,
And hoisted flags of war. .

CHORUS.

And 'twas shout, shout, clap, clap, gaze, gaze away,
A caution was the sport we had upon that training day.

The cannon roared, ere close of night,
In tones each sleeper heard;
A pennon crowned the steeple's height.
And "*Bellum*" was the word.

CHORUS.

O 'twas fire, fire, roar, roar, bang, bang away.
And this is how we'll rouse 'em up on every training day.

At noon they gathered in a row,
From ev'ry earthly tribe;
'Twould baffle all the powers below
This army to describe.

CHORUS.

'Twas black, white, red, blue, tawny, green and gray,
In arms old Nick ne'er saw before, joined on that training
day.

The banners they were stranger still,
For waving o'er the "*Band*,"
The "*De'il cam' fiddling*" down the hill,
And took the foremost stand.

CHORUS.

And 'twas saw, saw, squeak, squeak, twang, twang away,
O sure it was the *De'il* we played upon that training day.

FRENCH ODE.

AIR—*Vive L' Amour.*

T. W. HYDE, '61.

Buvons au plaisir de ce temps bruyant,
 Vive la compagnie!
 Bien loin l'avenir, le souci mordant,
 Vive la compagnie!

CHORUS.

Vive l'amour, vive l'amour,
 Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
 Vive l'amour, vive l'amour,
 Vive la compagnie!

Chantons l'eloge fort de la classe de gloire,
 Et sur tous embarras, notre noble victoire,
 Qu'ils resonnent le clair verre et le gai sentiment,
 Notre toast est succes et l'honneur plus grand,
 Maintenant l'ardeur s' allume dans les feux,
 Nous poussante de zele, les braves defefendeurs.
 Mals alors pour le ris, la joie, la gaiete,
 La jour d'esperance est bien arrive.

RIG-A-JIG.

As I was walking down the street,
 Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
 A pretty girl I chanced to meet,
 Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho.

CHORUS.

Rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go, away we go, away we go,
 Rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go,
 Heigho, heigho, heigho,
 Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
 Heigho,
 Rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go,
 Heigho, heigho, heigho.
 Said I to her, "What is your trade?"
 Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
 Said she to me, "I'm a weaver's maid,
 Heigho, heigho, heigho."

SONG TO OLD UNION.

—
Usually sung at the close of Commencement exercises.
 —

AIR—*Sparkling and bright.*
 —

BY F. H. LUDLOW, '56,

Let the Grecian dream of his sacred stream,
 And sing of the brave adorning,
 That Phœbus weaves from his laurel leaves,
 At the golden gates of Morning ;
 But the brook that bounds through Union's grounds
 Gleams bright as the Delphic water,
 And a prize as fair as a god may wear,
 Is a dip from our Alma Mater.

CHORUS.

Then here's to thee, the brave and free,
 Old Union smiling o'er us,
 And for many a day, as thy walls grow gray,
 May they ring with thy children's chorus.

Could our praises throng on the waves of song,
 Like an Orient fleet gem-bringing,
 We would bear to thee the argosy,
 And crown thee with pearls of singing ;
 But thy smile beams down beneath a crown,
 Whose glory asks no other ;
 We gather it not from the green sea-grot—
 'Tis the love we bear our Mother !

Let the joy that falls from thy dear old walls
 Unchanged brave Time's on-darting,
 And our only tear falls once a year
 On the hands that clasp ere parting ;
 And when other throngs shall sing thy songs,
 And their spell once more hath bound us,
 Our faded hours shall revive their flowers,
 And the Past shall live around us.

WHATELY.

AIR—*Massa's in the cold, cold ground.*

BY A MEMBER OF '56.

Oh, round the college, hear the groaning,
 Oh, hear the mournful sound,
 All the Sophomores are weeping,
 Old Whately's in the cold—cold ground.

CHORUS.

All around the college,
 Hear the mournful sound,
 Old Whately soundly lies a sleeping,
 Sleeping in the cold—cold ground.

Oh, Whately's travel'd over Jordan,
 To that blissful shore ;
 And there he never can be heard, on
 A " fizzling " Sophomore.

Now Whately's dead and buried,
 On the sandy shore ;
 Now the Junior days are coming,
 Logic never bores us more.

SONGS OF HAMILTON COLLEGE.

—o—o—o—o—
ALMA MATER.

AIR—*A wet sheet and a flowing sea.*

BY A. T. PIERSON, '57.

All hail to dear old Hamilton,
“Sweet mother” of our youth;
Who winged our love to soar above,
To beauty and to truth.
Her breath inspired our younger years
With high and holy aims;
The slumbering fires of pure desires
She woke to living flames.

CHORUS.

Then loud and long, with choral song,
Our Alma Mater praise;
May ev'ry son of Hamilton
Add lustre to her days!

She taught us in our early days
To know that *Right is Might*,
And in life's war, forever more,
In this firm faith to fight.
She laid her hands upon our brow,
And words of blessing said;
We feel the prayer still linger there,
A helmet for our head.

She bade us like brave men to tread
The battle-field of life;
With each new foe ourselves to show,
Heroic in the strife.
Our trophies at her feet belong,
And there we lay them down;
The laurel leaves which triumph weaves,
No brow but hers shall crown.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

AIR—*Cheer, Boys, Cheer.*

BY GEORGE H. STARR, '61.

Cheer, boys, cheer, we come with joy and gladness,
 Cheer, boys, cheer, our hearts are light and free,
 Buoyant with hope, and spurning waves of sadness,
 Gaily our ship comes bounding o'er the sea.

SOLO.

Hail! Alma Mater, be thou ever glorious!
 Strong in the right thy sons around thee stand;
 Counseled by thee, their cause shall be victorious,
 Earnest and true, they renovate the land.

CHORUS.

Cheer, boys, cheer, for College joys and friendships,
 Cheer, boys, cheer, in swelling notes of praise,
 Ring out for Hamilton a gladsome shout of triumph,
 Ring out a song for the home of College days.

Cheer, boys, cheer, these walls of classic story,
 Ancient and grand, o'er all the valley rise,
 Guarding with care each smiling plain and hill-side,
 Proud Alma Mater greets the bending skies:

SOLO.

So may her sons, in faith, and zeal, and honor,
 High in renown and noble fame become,
 That when at last the summons shall be given,
 Heaven shall receive them, all their labors done.

OUR HILL-SIDE QUEEN.

BY H. R. WAITE, '68.

Radiant when the morning light
 Bursts its prison walls of gray,
 Stately when the sombre night,
 Veils the glories of the day;

CHORUS.

Throned for aye upon a throne
 Of snowy white or living green,
 Ne'er goddess ruled as proud and lone,
 As reigns our glorious Hill-side Queen.

There's a sacred story told,
 In each record that appears,
 Graven on her sides of old,
 By the tempests of the years.

Winds that kiss her granite walls,
 Murmur songs in Runic rhyme,
 While the feet that press her halls,
 Waken sounds of "Olden Time."

Towering grandly 'mid the storms
 They defiantly repel,
 Giant poplars lift their forms,—
 Sentries grim—and guard her well.

Age shall not her might impair ;
 "As her days, her strength shall be ;"
 And beneath her fostering care,
 Rise a countless progeny.

Glory of the Empire State,—
 By the honors hers to-day,—
 By her laurels that await,
 We will crown her, QUEEN FOR AYE !

THE COLLEGE BOY.

BY H. R. WAITE, '68.

College days are the merriest days,
 That a fun-loving soul shall see ;
 Nor readier lad than a gay College lad,
 For a joke or a song can be.

CHORUS.

With laughing, singing, singing, laughing,
 Let old Time go flyiug,
 Tra la la la la ha ha ha tra la la la la,
 With laugh and song rich pleasures throng,
 Round the path of the College boy.

Oh, the prince of contentment is he,
 'Neath the sun of the summer sky,
 As lazily lounging, he courts the cool shade,
 Of the trees on the campus nigh.

When the hours of winter have come,
 In his gown and his slippers clad,
 He basks in the glow of a radiant fire,
 With the joy of a College lad.

As he puffs at his odorous pipe,
 And the ringlets of blue curl high,
 There rises a glow from the soul to the face,—
 There are flashings of hope in his eye.

When he strives in the warfare of life,
 By his glorious conquests then
 He'll prove to the world that in college-boy
 lives,
 Are the souls of its hero men.

DULCE DOMUM.

AN ENGLISH COLLEGE SONG.

Come, companions, join your voices,
 Hearts with pleasure bounding,
 Sing we the noble lay,
 Sweet song of holiday,
 Joys of home, sweet home resounding.

CHORUS.

Home, sweet home, with ev'ry pleasure,
 Home, with ev'ry blessing crowned;
 Home, our best delight and treasure!
 Home, the welcome song resound.

See, the wished-for day approaches,
 Day with joys attended;
 School's heavy course is run,
 Safely the goal is won,
 Happy goal, where toils are ended.

Quit, my weary muse, your labors,
 Quit your books and learning;
 Banish all cares away,
 Welcome the holiday,
 Hearts for home and freedom yearning.

Smiles the season, smiles the meadow;
 Let us, too, be smiling;
 Now the sweet guest is come,

Philomel, to her home,
Homeward, too, our steps beguiling.

Sing once more, the gate surrounding,
Loud the joyous measure ;
Lo, the bright morning star,
Slow rising from afar,
Still retards our dawn of pleasure.

OLD NOAH, HE DID BUILD AN ARK.

AIR—*Gideon's Band.*

Old Noah, he did build an ark,
Old Noah, he did build an ark,
Old Noah, he did build an ark,
He made it out of hick'ry bark.

CHORUS.

If you belong to Gideon's band,
Why here's my heart and here's my hand,
Looking for a home.

He drove the animals in two by two, } *ter.*
The elephant and kangaroo.

And then he nailed the hatches down, } *ter.*
And told outsiders they might drown.

And when he found he had no sail, } *ter.*
He just ran up his own coat tail.

Full forty days he sailed around, } *ter.*
And then he ran th' old scow aground.

He landed on Mount Ararat, } *ter.*
Just three miles south of Barneygat.

O, Eve, she did the apple eat, } *ter.*
She smacked her lips, and said 'twas sweet.

When Adam walked the garden round, } *ter.*
He spied the peelings on the ground.

And when he saw them, he looked blue, } *ter.*
And vowed he'd have some apples too.

So he and Eve did strip the tree, }*ter*.
And chanked away till they could see.

And then they saw how they'd got sold, }*ter*.
In sucking down what Satan told.

And since old Brimstone sold them so, }*ter*.
Most devilish sells have been the go.

Then keep your nose upon your face, }*ter*.
It don't look well when out of place.

DIE DEUTCHE COMPANIE.

AIR—*The Captain with his whiskers.*

Kind people, vat you tinks, I trys to sling a song?
I tells you how I listed, to who I belong;
I writes down Shnigglefritz, mit von great steel pen
goose quill,
And I swears I drink no lager more, till von enemy
I kill.

CHORUS.

Oh! die Deutche Company is de best companie,
Dad ever did come over from old Germanie.

Dey put me on de back of a great big pony mare,
And dat mare rears up behind, and trows me in the air;
I come down on my dead, like von great big stone hail;
And I tinks I was all right, mit de bridle holding on de
tail.

Oh, den I vas so mad, ven dat mare she trows me down,
And I shtrike so awful hard, ven my head comes on de
ground.

Oh, dat mare she vas a devil. vat de Captaln gave to me,
And I's de bravest man in de whole companie.

A BACCHANAL BALLAD.

AIR—*Litoria.*

Prex Bacchus was a jovial Prex,
The roughest, kindest of his sex,
His lips let fly full many a joke,
And jests he woke that others spoke.

One night he caught a Freshman tight,
 And helped him home with wrath and might ;
 In other words, a Freshman drunk
 He shouldered like a traveler's trunk.

The Freshman's plucky *mater* wit
 Gave back the saucy, saving hit—
 “ *O quo me, Bacche, plenum te*
O magne Præx quo rapis me? ”

When the tired teacher shuts his book,
 When pastors rest by hook or crook,
 When city bankers seek to know
 A bank whereon wild violets grow
 When doctors, lawyers, editors,
 Would sharpen up their ancient saws,
 When half a century's uncorked wit
 Floods the gay board where brothers sit ;
 And, drunk with frolic, titled men
 Grow back to college boys again ;
 Then good Præx Bacchus' jovial soul
 Fills up for each the brimming bowl,
 Each mother's son grasps by the hand,
 And wrings from each the old demand—
 “ *O quo me, Bacche, plenum te*
O magne Præx quo rapis me? ”

GENEROSITY.

AIR—*Oh, that will be joyful!*

That man who has good peanuts,
 And will give his neighbors none,
 He sha'n't have any of my peanuts,
 When his peanuts are gone.

CHORUS.

When his peanuts are gone,
 When his peanuts are gone,
 He sha'n't have any of my peanuts,
 When his peanuts are gone.
 Oh! that will be joyful,
 Joyful, joyful,
 Oh! that will be joyful,
 When his peanuts are gone.

SONGS OF HAMILTON COLLEGE.

That man who has any salt-junk,
 And will give his neighbor none,
 He sha'n't have any of my salt-junk,
 When his salt-junk is gone.

That man who has spondulacs,
 And will give his neighbor none,
 He sha'n't have any of my spondulacs,
 When his spondulacs are gone.

 JOLLY ARE WE TO-NIGHT, BOYS.

AIR—*Happy are we to-night, boys.*

Jolly are we to-night, boys,
 Jolly, jolly are we ;
 For we claim it a natural right, boys,
 To have a little spree.
 Then let our hearts in tune be found,
 Like David's sacred lyre—
 We'll make the classic halls resound,
 And thus our strain inspire.

Merry are we to-night, boys,
 Merry, merry are we ;
 The future looks so bright, boys,
 We'll have a little spree.
 Around this board we've gathered here
 To chase dull care away,
 Then let us join in hearty cheer,—
 This is our festal day.

Happy are we to-night, boys,
 Happy, happy are we ;
 We'll welcome morning light, boys,
 With a hearty " three times three."
 For since the world was first create,
 And onward rolled the sun,
 No mother boasts of boys so great,
 As glorious Hamilton.

AWAY WITH SORROW.

AIR—*It's a way we have at old Harvard.*

BY PROF. EDWARD NORTH, '41.

The sons of Hamilton seek, sir,
 Never to fail in Greek, sir,
 But ever to have the "cheek," sir,
 To drive dull care away.

CHORUS.

It's the way we have at old Hamllton,
 To drive dull care away.

They always have understood, sir, *
 In all that is noble and good, sir,
 Never to make less than a "blood," sir,
 To drive dull care away.

Old Hamilton's sons at least, sir,
 Partake with good will of a feast, sir,
 "And the turkey is the beast," sir,
 To drive dull care away.

But far the most happy repast, sir,
 Is when their studies are past, sir,
 To win a fair damsel at last, sir,
 To drive dull care away.

WHO CAN TELL? CATCH.

AIR—*Three blind mice.*

BY A MEMBER OF '68.

Why the Fresh,
 Why the Fresh,
 Why the Fresh,
 When e'er they hear,
 When e'er they hear,
 When e'er they hear

The tramping of feet at the dead of night,
 Spring out of bed in a fearful fright,
 And secure their doors so wonderous tight,

Who can tell?
 Who can tell?
 Who can tell?

How much sport, } *ter.*
 Soph-o-mores have, } *ter.*
 In diving into all sorts of scrapes,
 In "salting" of "Fresh," and "curing" of grapes,
 In the "gobbling of gobblers," and narrow escapes,
 Who can tell? } *ter.*

How much more, } *ter.*
 Of Junior time, } *ter.*
 With thoughts far away from the book in hand,
 Is spent in the castles of airy land.
 Where celestial beauties bewitchingly stand,
 Who can tell? } *ter.*

What success, } *ter.*
 Seniors have,
 By practice of "Science," and practice of "Arts,"
 Through making of love, and breaking of hearts,
 In becoming a prey to "Cupidine" darts,
 Who can tell? } *ter.*

HOBART OUR HOME.

BY LEWIS HALSEY.

A song for Old Hobart, the home of our love!
 Her fame we forever will cherish:
 Her name we will honor, all others above,
 Her memory never shall perish.
 Her name is a charm, which, when sorrow enslaves,
 Can free us with tho'ts of past pleasures,
 A magical charm, which can open the caves
 Where memory hides her rich treasures.

CHORUS.

Hobart, Hobart, home of our College days,
 Hobart, Hobart, where'er we roam,
 Hobart, Hobart, still with song thee we praise,
 Hobart, Hobart, Hobart our home.

We dream of Commencements, of Soirees, and Balls
 Of Class-day adjourned to Hermean;
 Of Linden, most lov'd and most honored of Halls,
 The home of the Terpsichorean.
 The bells of Geneva in beauty arise,
 Again to enchant and to charm us:
 But tho' the same brilliancy beams from their eyes,
 Their power can no longer alarm us.

Again the smooth sheen of the calm "Silver Lake"
 In beauty is gleaming before us,
 The skies, winds, and waters are only awake,
 To listen and join in our chorus.
 The pert little waves gently skipping along,
 Make music among the smooth pebbles,
 The merry stars, winking, keep time with the song,
 The wind-harps chime in with their trebles,
 Then shout for Old Hobart, Old Hobart our home.
 What memories cluster around her;
 Her honor we cherish wherever we roam,
 No hate nor detraction shall wound her.
 Her star shall shine brighter as others grow dim,
 And rise to its zenith of glory;
 Her name shall be honored in pæan and hymn,
 Her fame shall be cherished in story.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb,
 Mary had a little lamb,
 Its fleece was white as snow,
 And everywhere that Mary went, Mary went, Mary
 went,
 Everywhere that Mary went,
 The lamb was sure to go.

CHORUS.

Bleating of the lamb,
 Ba-a - a - ah, Bá-a - á - ah,
 O! aint I glad to get out the wilderness, get out the
 wilderness, get out the wilderness,
 Aint I glad to get out the wilderness,
 Leaning on the lamb.

It followed her to school one day, school one day,
 school one day,
 It followed her to school one day,
 It was against the rule,
 It made the children laugh and play, laugh and play,
 laugh and play,
 It made the children laugh and play,
 To see the lamb at school.

SONGS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.



KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

Oh, have you heard the story of late?
 And if you've not it's in my pate,
 About a mighty potentate,
 The King of the Cannibal Islands.

CHORUS.

Hokee poken, winkee wung,
 Polly makoo komoling kung.
 Hangaree wangaree chingiring ching,
 The King of the Cannibal Islands.

He dined on Clergymen cold and raw,
 And slaughtered them all without license or law,
 He never took less at a meal than four,
 This King of the Cannibal Islands.

Woman pudding and baby sauce,
 Little boy pie for a second course,
 He swallowed them all without any remorse,
 The King of the Cannibal Islands.

But the worst of my story remains to be told,
 It did not agree with his earthly mould,
 He died of eating his Clergymen cold,
 The King of the Cannibal Islands.

The last words of this Monarch bold,
 Were not bequeathing his lands or gold,
 But warning all against Clergymen cold,
 The King of the Cannibal Islands.

LOWLANDS.

A boy he had an auger,
 That bored two holes at once ;
 A boy he had an auger,
 That bored two holes at once ;
 And some were playing cards,
 And some were throwiug dice,
 The boy upset the tea-kettle
 And drowned all the mice.

CHORUS.

As we sailed along the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
 As we sailed along the lowlands low.
 And we buried him in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
 And we buried him in the lowlands low.

Oh Pompey was the greatest man
 That ever yet was born,
 And Pompey was the greatest man
 That ever yet was born ;
 For he could play the banjo,
 And on the tambourine,
 At rattling of the bones he was
 The greatest ever seen.

I'M DREAMING NOW OF HADLEY.

AIR—*Listen to the Mocking Bird.*

BY F. W. ADAMS, '62.

I'm dreaming now of Hadley,
 South Hadley, South Hadley,
 I'm dreaming now of Hadley,
 And my cousins all so blooming and so fair ;
 And the time would pass most sadly,
 Most sadly, most sadly,
 And the time would pass most sadly,
 Were it not that I could meet my cousins there.

CHORUS.

Listen to the zephyr's tale,
 Listen to the zephyr's tale,
 The zephyrs speak in murmuring accents near ;
 Listen to the zephyr's tale,
 Listen to the zephyr's tale,
 They bring my cousins' whispers to my ear !

The mountains ne'er shall sever,
 Shall sever, shall sever,
 The mountains ne'er shall sever,
 Our hearts so firmly bound in friendship's ties ;
 But may my heart forever,
 Forever, forever,
 But may my heart forever,
 Be near the cousins I so highly prize !

When I part with College sadly,
 Ah sadly, too sadly,
 When I part with College sadly,
 And these halcyon days shall be forever gone,—
 I'll take the road to Hadley,
 South Hadley, South Hadley,
 I'll take the road to Hadley,
 And with a cousin take my journey home.

CHINGERY CHAN.

In China there lived a little man,
 His name it was Chingery-ri-chan-chan ;
 His feet were large and his head was small,
 And this little man had no brains at all.

CHORUS.

Chingery—rico—rico—day,
 Ekel-tek. Happy man !
 Kuan—a—desco—canty—o,
 Gallopy—wallopy—china—go.

Miss Sky-high she was short and squat ;
 She had money, which he had not ;
 To her he then resolved to go,
 And play her a tune on his little banjo.

Miss Sky-high heard his notes of love ;
 She held her wash bowl up above ;
 She poured it on the little man,
 And that was the end of Chingery-chan.

CHORUS.

Chingery—rico—rico—day,
 Ekel-tek. Injured man !
 Kuan—a—desco—canty—o,
 Gallopy—wallopy—china—go.

FIRST TIME I SAW A TUTOR.

 AIR—*A little more cider.*

BY W. M. POMEROY, '61.

First time I saw a tutor,
 'Twas at Old Amherst College ;
 Oh, how it made me stare, to see
 A man with so much knowledge ;
 I looked at him, he looked at me,
 And then he turned around ;
 He looked upon the sky above,
 And I looked on the ground.

CHORUS.

Oh, a little more mathematics,
 And a little more Latin, too ;
 A little more Greek, five times a week,
 And then, my boys, we're through.

Since then I've seen them often,
 I could not tell how many ;
 Oh, what a happy boy I'd be
 If I had not seen any.
 They've fizzled me in Algebra,
 And flunked me in Surveying ;
 The only thing that I surveyed,
 Was girls who were a Maying.

 THE GIANT OF ELD.

AIR—*Litoria.*

BY J. W. WARD, '60.

Listen now, and we will tell,
 Swee de la wee dum bum,
 Of what in ancient times befell,
 Swee de la wee dum bum,
 Befell the world in days of old,
 Swee de la wee chu hi ra sah,
 Before its surface had got cold,
 Swee de la wee dum bum.

CHORUS.

Litoria, Litoria, swee de la wee chu hi ra sah,
 Litoria, Litoria, swee de la we dum bum.

A giant tall and a giant grim,
 With stalwart frame and mighty limb,
 Stepped on the crust when it was hot,
 It cracked, and lava filled the lot.

No shoes they had in days of yore,
 So the giant screamed and the giant swore ;
 For he blistered his feet and made them sore,
 So round the earth he raved and tore.

The crust grew rough, as round about,
 He wildly leaped in his frenzied rout ;
 The valleys sank, and the mountains rose,
 Under the touch of the giant's toes.

And as he made a plunging leap,
 Old Nonotuck rose in a rugged heap ;
 And all the mountains, big and small,
 Came piling up as his feet did fall.

Then sing the giant of olden time,
 And weave his dance in college rhyme,
 And sing his praises near and far,
 And put his name in the next " Kai Gar."

VIVE LE CAPITAIN JOHN.

AIR—*Vive l'amour.*

In ye days when ye Salvages lived in ye land ;
 Vive le Capitaine John !

And ye Injun papooses dug holes in ye sand ;
 Vive le Capitaine John !

A mayden was born of ye cannibal race,
 Who delighted not in ye fighte or chase,
 But loved to view ye jovial face .

Of ye jollie Capitaine John.

But now, as the legend doth truly relate,
 Vive le Capitaine John !

Poor Johnnie was taken and doomed to his fate ;
 Vive le Capitaine John !

He was doomed to be hung, or be knocked on ye
 head,

By ye salvage adze of ye Injuns red,
 Until indeed he was dead-dead-dead !

Vive le Capitaine John !

Now Pocahontas hearing ye vote ;
 Vive le Capitaine John !
 She took some birch barque and thereupon wrote
 “ Vive le Capitaine John !
 If you'll promise to give your heart to me,
 You shall keep your head, and go scott free,
 And together we'll live, right jollilie,”
 Vive le Capitaine John !
 But Johnnie, ye gay deceiver, alas !
 Vive le Capitaine John !
 When he'd saved his scalp, it came to pass,
 Vive le Capitaine John !
 He packed up his trunk and fled from the shore,
 And left Pocahontas his loss to deplore,
 While Johnnie was more than “ *half seas o'er*,”
 Vive le Capitaine John !

THE GAY OLD AMHERST SOPHOMORE.

AIR—*Fine old Irish Gentleman.*

If you will please to listen now,
 A story I'll relate,
 Of a gay old Amherst Sophomore,
 Who got it in his pate,
 To be a little bricky just.
 And see how it would seem,
 To wear coats with pockets in the sides, Scotch
 caps, carry a cane,
 And drive a fancy team,
 Like a gay, old Amherst Sophomore,
 Bound for a glorious time.
 And first he got a fine meerschamm,
 All colored up in style ;
 And then, make his head complete,
 He crowned it with a tile ;
 And further still, unsatisfied,
 He added bricks to that,
 Until people who saw him pass in the street,
 Exclaimed, Oh ! what a hat !
 Like a gay, old Amherst Sophomore,
 Bound for a glorious time.
 Ah well ! he built his mansion up,
 Of brick, so hard and dried,

And laid the mortar on so thick,
 His friends were mortified ;
 The College Fathers thought it o'er,
 And after calm debate,
 They concluded that if they could get any kind
 old minister, up country, to devote his
 attention to him, and save them the
 trouble,
 He'd better rusticate,
 Like a gay, old Amherst Sophomore,
 Bound for a glorious time.

MORAL.

And now, ye Amherst Sophomores,
 Pray listen unto me ;
 Don't smoke a colored meerschaum pipe,
 Nor let your spirits free ;
 Put all your fancy clothes away,
 Your tile upon a shelf,
 And if you wish to merit the approbation of
 the better part of mankind,
 Oh ! pray don't be yourself,
 Like a gay, old Amherst Sophomore,
 Bound for a glorious time.

REMARKABLE.*

AIR—*Vive l'Amour.*

We'll sing you a very remarkable song,
 Vive l'Sixty-five !
 Remarkably loud, and remarkably long,
 Vive l'Sixty-five !
 'Twas writ with a very remarkable pen,
 In a very remarkable Junior den,
 And is all about remarkable men,
 Vive l'Sixty-five !
 We've passed some very remarkable years,
 Vive l'Sixty-five !
 Together we've shed remarkable tears,
 Vive l'Sixty-five !
 Remarkable tears and remarkable joys,
 Indlged by quite remarkable boys,
 Who are bound to make a remarkable noise,
 Vive l'Sixty-five !

* To be sung for the appropriate year.

We've studied some very remarkable books,
 Vive l'Sixty-five!
 And some remarkable "Bohny" in looks,
 Vive l'Sixty-five!
 We're altogether a remarkable crew;
 We've kept remarkable facts in view,
 But found out nothing remarkably new,
 Vive l'Sixty-five!

Then sing remarkably loud again,
 Vive l'Sixty-five!
 Remarkable sons of remarkable men,
 Vive l'Sixty-five!
 May we all be blest with remarkable wives,
 And live, if we can, remarkable lives,
 Till each at remarkable fame arrives,
 Vive l'Sixty-five!

REVELRY OF THE DYING.

AIR—*Away with Melancholy.*

Composed by a British officer in India, at a time when a plague was hourly sweeping off his companions. He did not long survive his wonderful production.

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
 And the walls around are bare,
 As they shout to our peals of laughter,
 It seems that the dead are there.
 But stand to your glasses, steady!
 We drink to our comrades' eyes,
 Quaff a cup to the dead already,
 And hurrah! for the next that dies.

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles;
 Not a tear for the friends that sink;
 We'll fall 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
 As mute as the wine we drink.
 So stand to your glasses, steady!
 'Tis this that respite buys;
 One cup to the dead already;
 Hurrah! for the next that dies.

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
 'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
 And thus does the warmth of feeling
 Turn ice in the grasp of death.

Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
 For a moment the vapor flies;
 A cup to the dead already;
 Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Who dreads to the dust returning?
 Who shrinks from the sable sore?
 Where the high and haughty yearning
 Of the soul shall sting no more.
 Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
 The world is the world of lies;
 A cup to the dead already;
 Hurrah! for the next that dies.

Cut off from the land that bore us,
 Betrayed by the land we find,
 Where the brightest have gone before us,
 And the dullest remain behind.
 Stand! stand to your glasses, steady!
 'Tis all we have left to prize;
 A cup to the dead already,
 And hurrah! for the next that dies.

SING TANGENT, CO-TANGENT.

AIR—*Villikins and his Dinah.*

BY F. BROWNING, '61.

There was a Professor in New York did dwell;
 His name it was Loomis, we knew him quite well!
 He wrote a big treatise on angles and lines,
 With chapters on spheres, surveying, and sines.

CHORUS.

Sing tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine,
 Sing tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine,
 Sing tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine,
 Sing tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine,

Prof. Coffin, from cones cut by planes that passed thro',
 Made all kinds of figures that ever he knew,
 Some round like an apple, some shaped like an egg,
 Some rounded like sand hills, some pointed like pegs.

Cho.—Sing origin, focus, directrix and curve. } *quater.*

UBI BENE, IBI PATRIA.

GERMAN STUDENT SONG.

Translated by M. F. Dickinson and C. H. Sweetser, '62

All the world around I'm straying,
 Every sea and mountain o'er ;
 Free as air, I'm never staying,
 On the North or Southern shore.
 Merry here, and merry there, } *bis.*
 Ubi Bene, ibi Patria. } *bis.*

All my goods weigh not a feather,
 And my blood is never old ;
 Everywhere I feast with princes,
 Everywhere in halls of gold.
 Hungry here, and hungry there, } *bis.*
 Ubi Bene, ibi Patria. } *bis.*

In my heart are all my treasures—
 Joys no hand can take away ;
 Who would pine for Mammon's pleasures,
 Death can darken in a day.
 Merry here, and merry there, } *bis.*
 Ubi Bene, ibi Patria. } *bis.*

While my pipe is yet beside me,
 And my beer remains to foam,
 With a hat and coat to hide me,
 Everywhere I'll gaily roam.
 Drinking here, and smoking there, } *bis.*
 Ubi Bene, ibi Patria. } *bis.*

In the bowl I'm ever heeding
 Love's delicious, maddening glow ;
 Now in northland humbly pleading,
 Now when southern breezes blow.
 Kissing here, and drinking there, } *bis.*
 Ubi Bene, ibi Patria. } *bis.*

So through life I'm freely gliding,
 On a calm and shining sea ;
 Sorrow's clouds in kisses hiding,
 And in wine's sweet revelry.
 Merry here, and merry there, } *bis.*
 Ubi Bene, ibi Patria. } *bis.*

By and by shall Death's grim shadows,
 On this useless clay be laid ;
 Then I'll clasp the cooling meadows,
 In the golden land of shade !
 Merry here, and merry there, } *bis.*
 Ubi Bene, ibi Patria ! } *bis.*

SONG OF THE GRADUATE.

AIR—*Dearest Mae.*

It's I that is a bachelor, though married to the Muse,
 I talk with all the gentle folks, and flirts with all the
 blues ;
 It's I that looks as knowing now, as anybody can,
 For once I was a Sophomore, but now I am a man.

CHORUS.

But now I am a man,
 But now I am a man,
 For once I was a Sophomore,
 But now I am a man !

I quotes the ancient classicals, I knows the newest tunes,
 I wears a coat that's elegant, and striped pantaloons ;
 It's I that has the shiny boots, and sports the spotted
 gills,
 It's I that drinks the Burgundy, and never pays my
 bills.

I keeps a little puppy dog, I has a little cane,
 I beaus the pretty virgins out, and beaus them home
 again ;
 It's I that pins their handkerchiefs, it's I that ties their
 shoes,
 It's I that goes a shopping for to tell them what to
 choose.

I know a little Latin stuff, and half a line of Greek,
 My barber is a Frencherman, he taught me how to
 speak ;
 It's I that makes the morning calls, it's I goes out to tea,
 O dear ! you never saw a man one-half so cute as me.

MY COLLEGE COURSE MUST HAVE AN END.

 AIR—*Few days*.

BY F. BROWNING, '61.

My college course must have an end,
 In a few days, few days,
 Unless some chap has cash to lend,
 I'm going home ;
 My college term-bill I must pay,
 In a few days, few days.
 Or else I shall be sent away,
 So I'm going home.

CHORUS.

Farewell to College duties,
 (Few days,) } *bis*.
 Farewell to Amherst beauties,
 I'm going home.

My coat will let my elbows through,
 In a (few days,) } *bis*.
 I'm sure I don't know what to do,
 So I'm going home ;
 My purse has been so very light,
 These tew days, tew days,
 That nary cent has blessed my sight,
 So I'm going home.

No doubt the ladies all will cry,
 In a (few days,) } *bis*.
 When I shall say to each good-bye,
 I'm going home.
 I shall not hear the chapel bell,
 In a (few days,) } *bis*.
 Nor shall I fizzle under Snell,
 I'm going home.

I'll take my satchel in my hands,
 In a (few days,) } *bis*.
 And travel towards my fatherland,
 I'm going home.

NUNC, NUNC, SODALES.

 AIR—*Lauriger*.

Nunc, nunc, sodales crown the bowl,
 Round our Tempus gather ;
 Never let her requiem toll,
 Long life and health forever,

CHORUS.

Hail! all hail! thou festive shrine,
 Folly's gift to learning,
 E'er may laurels round thee twine,
 Thy fires for aye be burning.

Sing we then this glorious night,
 Tempus regne ever !
 Sing we thee with beauty dight,
 Crowned queen of pleasure.

Seniors, e'er to Tempus true,
 Shout your last grand chorus !
 Life hath fame for each of you,
 Be effort your *thesauros*.

Juniors few, but sons of wit,
 Greet Tempus star ascendant ;
 Never let your zeal remit,
 Be each a true attendant.

Sophomores gay, your goblets crown ;
 Drink to mirth and pleasure ;
 Freshmen, here your sorrows drown,
 In joy's unstinted measure.

Join we in one closing round,
 Tempus regne ever !
 Hail! with Bacchian ivy crowned,
 Tempus mortuum *never!*

VIVE LE' N. Y. U.

 AIR—*Vive l'amour.*

Come, Seniors, grave Juniors, and Sophomores too,
 Vive le Compagnie,
 And join in the praise of our N. Y. U.,
 Vive le Compagnie.

CHORUS.

O vive le, vive le, vive l'amour,
 Vive le, vive le, vive l'amour,
 Vive l'amour, vive l'amour,
 Vive le N. Y. U.

O'er land and on sea may her name be renowned,
 Vive le N. Y. U.
 Nor on her fair ensign one stigma be found,
 Vive le N. Y. U.

O, may her brave sons as they leave her fond care,
 Vive le N. Y. U.,
 To battle with life,—in its victories share,
 Vive le N. Y. U.

Where'er they may be, and wherever they may roam,
 Vive le N. Y. U.,
 May they prize Alma Mater, their joy and their home,
 Vive le N. Y. U.

 BARBER, SPARE THOSE HAIRS.

 AIR—*Woodman, spare that tree.*

BY JNO. LOVE, JR., '68.

O barber, spare those hairs,
 Which sprout from both my cheeks,
 A solace for my cares ;
 I've cherished them for weeks.

They come in single file,
 As though afraid to bloom ;
 But still, but still they're all the style,
 So, barber, give them room.

I've reached a Junior's state,
 Its dignity and fame ;
 And though these hairs come late,
 They still can honor claim.

With awe the Freshmen see
 These proofs of ripening years ;
 And bow while passing me,
 Beset with trembling fears.

O, give them yet a year,
 The strength'ning sap to draw ;
 For then you need not fear,
 They'll grow *two* inches more.

Then, barber, list to me,
 And bend unto my cry ;
 O, let my whiskers be,
 Not yet thy calling ply.

And when I'm passing near,
 'Twill be, I'm sure, no wrong,
 Your waiting eyes to cheer
 With whiskers thick and long.

Now, barber, fare the well ;
 The blade put on its shelf,
 And ne'er this story tell,
 But keep it to yourself.

“ PASSED UP.”

AIR—*Lauriger Horatius.*

BY J. HALE POWERS, '69.

The glorious hour has come at last,
 Sophomores, we're Sophomores ;
 For out of Freshman year we've passed,
 Sophomores, we're Sophomores.
 Good bye to old Thucydides,
 A long good bye to Pericles,
 Who robbed poor Freshmen of their ease,
 Sophomores, we're Sophomores.

Farewell to all Homeric strains,
 Sophomores, we're Sophomores ;

The pleasure paid not for the pains,
 Sophomores, we're Sophomores ;
 And let that old Greek Grammar stay
 Among the books we've laid away,
 Until some more convenient day,
 Sophomores, we're Sophomores.

Let Livy be with those who've gone,
 Sophomores, we're Sophomores ;
 And Horace with his demijohn,
 Sophomores, we're Sophomores.
 And Saturdays abed we'll lie,
 And never deign to ope our eye,
 Until the breakfast hour is nigh ;
 Sophomores, gay Sophomores.

No Algebra again shall vex,
 Sophomores, we're Sophomores,
 For what care we for Y or X,
 Sophomores, we're Sophomores.
 Geometry,—with you we've done,
 Good bye ! triangle, polygon,—
 We're glad our Freshman race is run,
 Sophomores, we're Sophomores.

And now let every heart be gay,
 Sophomores, we're Sophomores ;
 We'll rusticate for many a day,
 Sophomores, we're Sophomores.
 So then ring out a hearty nine,
 The coming year we're bound to shine,
 And dip poor Freshmen in the brine,
 Sophomores, we're Sophomores.

CRAMBAMBULI.

Crambambuli, it is the title
 Of that good song we love the best ;
 It is the means of health most vital,
 When evil fortunes us molest.
 From evening late till morning free,
 I'll drink my glass, crambambuli,
 Cram bim bam, bam bu li, crambambuli.

Were I into an inn ascended,
 Most like some noble cavalier,
 I'd leave the bread and roast untended,
 And bid them bring the corkscrew here.
 When blows the coachman tran tan te,
 Then to my glass, crambambuli,
 Cram bim bam, bam bu li, crambambuli.

Were I a prince of power unbounded,
 Like Kaiser Maximilian,—
 For me were there an order founded,
 'Tis this device I'd hang thereon ;
 "Toujours fidele et sans souci,
 C'est l'ordre du crambambuli,"
 Cram bim bam, bam bu li, crambambuli.

Crambambuli, it still shall cheer me,
 When every other joy is past ;
 When o'er the glass, friend, death draws
 near me,
 To mar my pleasure at the last,
 'Tis then we'll drink in company,
 The last glass of crambambuli,
 Cram bim bam, bam bu li, crambambuli.

SAW MY LEG OFF.

Saw my leg off, saw my leg off, saw my leg off, short.
 Saw my leg off, saw my leg off, saw my leg off, short.

SONGS OF MADISON UNIVERSITY.



O TEMPORA! O MORES!

This song was composed by a Theologue. While walking along the bank of the canal one day, being enchanted by surrounding scenery the following ideas suggested themselves to him.

A jolly young musician,
 While walking by the Nile,
 O tempora! O mores! O mores! O mores! O mores!
 Saw rising from the water
 A big black crocodile,
 O tempora! O mores! O mores! O mores!
 Who wished him for a breakfast,
 Who wished him for a breakfast,
 And who knows what might be, who knows, and who
 knows what might be,
 And who knows what might be,
 Juvallera, juvallera,
 O tempo, tempo, tempora?
 But for the power that all must praise,
 O harmony!

Then quickly slipping out his
 Violin from its case,
 O tempora! O mores!
 He drew his bow across it
 With skill and with grace,
 O tempora! O mores!
 And when a merry tune
 He betook himself to play,
 The hungry monster went to dancing like a fay.

And in the sand he danced,
 Around and around
 O tempora! O mores!
 Till seven huge pyramids
 Rose right up from the ground,
 O tempora! O mores!
 Now but for that good fiddle,
 And skill to play it well,
 No pyramid or fiddler could the story tell.

SONG OF THE FRESHMAN.

AIR—*Vive l'amour.*

BY T. B. O., '66.

Let every good Freshman come fill up his glass,
 Vive la "Soixante-six,"
 And drink to the health of our glorious Class,
 Vive la "Soixante-six."

CHORUS.

Vive la, vive la, vive la classe,
 Vive la, vive la, vive la classe,
 Vive la classe,
 Vive la classe,
 La classe "Soixante-six."

From the verdure of Academies we've just come,
 Vive la "Soixante-six."
 We have got to be Freshmen,—truly we're some,
 Vive la "Soixante-six."

We glory not in numbers, neither in size,
 Vive la "Soixante-six,"
 But we boast in talent, which highly we prize,
 Vive la "Soixante-six."

We've four years before us, of study and fun,
 Vive la "Soixante-six,"
 We hope to be wiser and better when done,
 Vive la "Soixante-six."

To thee, Alma Mater, our friendship holds dear,
 Vive la "Soixante-six,"
 Legi et juri may thee always adhere,
 Vive la "Soixante-six."

When from this Old Homestead we will have to pass,
 Vive la "Soixante-six,"
 We will honor and cherish this grand old Class,
 Vive la "Soixante-six."

Then come, jolly Freshmen, and let your songs mix,
 Vive la "Soixante-six,"
 For Madison College and Class '66,
 Vive la "Soixante-six."

THERE WAS A MAN.

AIR—*Antioch.*

There was a man in our town,
 And he was wondrous wise ;
 He jumped into a bramble bush,
 He jumped into a bramble bush,
 And scratched out both his eyes,
 And scratched out both his eyes,
 And scratched, and scratched out both his eyes.

And when he saw his eyes were out,
 With all his might and main,
 He jumped into another bush,
 He jumped into another bush,
 And scratched them in again,
 And scratched them in again,
 And scratched, and scratched them in again.

MEDLEY.

BY Z. G. JR., '62.

O come, maidens, come o'er the blue rolling wave,
 The lovely should still be the care of the brave ;
 Trancadillo, trancadillo, trancadillo, dillo-dill,
 Oh, carry me long,
 Der's no more trouble for me,
 I's gwine to roam in a happy home,
 Where all de niggers are free.
 Oh boys, carry me—
 Way down upon de Swanee riber,
 Far, far away,
 Dar's where my heart is turning eber,
 Dar's where de old folks stay.
 All up and down de whole creation,
 Sadly I roam,
 Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at—
 Home, home. sweet, sweet home,
 Be it ever so humble there's no place like—
 Way down South in de land of cotton,
 Old times dere will never be forgotten,
 Look away, look away,

Look away to Dixie's land.
 In Dixie's land where I was born in,
 Early on a frosty morning,
 Look away, look away,
 Look away to Dixie's land ;
 I wish I was in Dixie,
 Away, away,
 In Dixie's land I take my stand—
 Down where the waving willows,
 'Neath the sunbeam's smile,
 Shadowed o'er the murmuring waters,
 Dwelt sweet Annie Lisle.
 Pure as a forest lily,
 Never thought of guile
 Had its home within the bosom—
 Of a jolly young musician
 While walking by the Nile.
 O tempora ! O mores !
 When out of the waters rose
 A big black crocodile—
 O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the peril-
 ous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly stream-
 ing.
 And the rocket's red glare, bombs bursting in air—
 Upidee-i, dee-i, da, upidee, upida,
 Upidee-i, dee-i, da, upidee-i, da.

OLD LIVY'S SLEEPING.

AIR—*Hazel Dell.*

BY T. B. O., '66.

In the cold, cold sod old Livy's sleeping,
 Livy bored so long ;
 And our jolly, jolly wake we're keeping,
 With a good old song.

CHORUS.

All night long our wake we're keeping,
 For we now are free ;
 And borous old Livy now is sleeping,
 Frigus in morte.

Through his pages, tough as tripe, we wandered,
 In the midnight hour,
 'Till our head, like corn-stalks drooping downward,
 Had lost all their power.

In the cold, cold sod old Livy's sleeping,
 Where the angleworms rave,
 And the grasshoppers nightly are singing
 Anthems over his grave.

Livii ! requiescas in pace ;
 Domo terrarum,
 Et hami vermes miserentur te ;
 Tu scriptor rerum.

OUR MAIDENS FAR AWAY.

AIR—*Cocachelunk.*

Though we're deep in Titus Livius,
 Or in Homer all the day,
 Trust us, we are not oblivious
 Of our maidens far away.

Though we bide in far-off places,
 Working ever week by week,
 We remember your dear faces,—
 Reading Latin, grinding Greek.

Living up in dismal attics,
 Or on cosiest first floors,
 Learning toughest mathematics,
 Science, classics,—horrid bores.

Turning leaves of dictionary,
 Working ever day by day,
 We remember pretty Mary,
 Lively Jennie, gentle May.

SONGS OF NEW YORK CITY COLLEGE.



LANDLORD, FILL YOUR FLOWING BOWL.

AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY SONG.

Come, landlords, fill your flowing bowl
 Until it doth run over,
 Come, landlords, fill your flowing bowl
 Until it doth run over,
 For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
 For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
 For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
 To-morrow we'll get sober.

The man that drinks good whisky punch,
 And goes to bed right mellow,
 The man that drinks good whisky punch,
 And goes to bed right mellow,
 Lives as he ought to live,
 Lives as he ought to live,
 Lives as he ought to live,
 And dies a jolly good fellow.

The man who drinks cold water pure,
 And goes to bed quite sober,
 The man who drinks cold water pure,
 And goes to bed quite sober.
 Falls as the leaves do fall,
 Falls as the leaves do fall,
 Falls as the leaves do fall,
 So early in October.

But he who drinks just what he likes,
 And getteth "half seas over,"
 But he who drinks just what he likes,
 And getteth "half seas over,"
 Will live until he dies, perhaps,
 Will live until he dies, perhaps,
 Will live until he dies, perhaps,
 And then lie down in clover.

THE LIFE PRESERVER.

AIR—*The lone Fish-ball.*

There was a class went up and down,
To seek a "pony" through the town.

What wretches they who "notes" forsake,
Of "ponies" to advantage take!

At last they halt before a stand,
Where books are sold at second-hand.

'Tis advertised a "right cheap place,"
They enter in with brassy face.

The dusty books they toss around,
But "nary pony" could be found.

Behold them now in blank dismay:—
"Must we get 'zero' every day?"

Some noble youth his mind devotes,
To translate Greek with only notes.

The morrow sees an eager crowd,
Whilst one among them reads aloud;

Their warmest thanks the class outpour,
And praise him for his classic lore.

Then out speaks one, "Here's joy to all!
I met a tutor in the hall;

He says a manuscript they pass,
A legacy from class to class.

Thus we obtain the precious prize,
Which neither time nor money buys.

No weary brain with labor racks,
But yet there comes the constant 'max.' "

DEDUCTUM.

Then long live ponies great and small!
Who rides them well, will never fall.

If ponies fail, and notes won't do,
Get manuscripts, or "fizzle through."

AUREM PRÆBE MIHI.

AIR—*We'll dance by the light of the moon.*

Felis sedit by a hole,
 Intenta she cum omni soul,
 Prendere rats.
 Mice cucurrunt over the floor,
 In numero, duo, tres or more,
 Obliti cats.

Felis saw them oculis ;
 "I'll have them," inquit she, "I guess,
 Dum ludunt."
 Tunc illa crept towards the group,
 "Habeam," dixit, good rat soup!
 Pingues sunt!"

Mice continued all ludere,
 Intenti in ludum vere,
 Gaudenter.
 Tunc rushed the felis nnto them,
 Et tore them omnes limb from limb,
 Violenter.

MORAL.

Mures, omnes mice be shy,
 Et aurem præbe mihi,
 Benigne ;
 Si hoc fuges, verbum sat,
 Avoid a huge and hungry cat,
 Studiose.

REX ANTHROPOPHAGÆ INSULÆ.

AIR—*King of the Cannibal Islands.*

BY A. V. P., '68.

O! audivisti rem seram?
 Si non, id ego referam,
 Ad præpotentem dynastam,
 Regem anthropophagæ insulæ.

CHORUS IN THE VERNACULAR:—

Hokee pokee winkee wung,
 Polly ma-koo komo-ling kung,
 Hangaree wangaree ching-i-ring chung,
 'The King of the Cannibal Islands.

Coenabat clericos incoctos,
 Sine jure lege cædebat hos,
 Non minus cepit trium cibos
 Rex anthropophagæ insulæ.

Globus feminæ, pupæ jus,
 Bellariisque populus ;
 Vorat hos sine doloribus,
 Rex anthropophagæ insulæ.

Sed miseriman fabulam dicturum,
 A fictile suo id alienum,
 Clericus frigidus cecidit illum,
 Regem anthropophagæ insulæ.

Extrema dicta audacis regis,
 Non legando ex auro agris,
 Sed monet frigidis ex clericis,
 Rex anthropophagæ insulæ.

JUNIOR EX.

AIR—*Riding on a Rail.*

What is all this bother
 In the Irving Hall?
 Jostling one another,
 Students one and all.
 Shining patent-leathers,
 Beavers all a-glisten,
 Bless me ! ain't this pleasant,
 Junior Exhibition ?

Faculty together
 Seated on the stage.
 Freshmen in high feather,
 Think they're all the rage.
 Bowing to the ladies,
 Seeking recognition,—
 Bless me ! ain't this pleasant,
 Junior Exhibition ?

Sophomores conceited,
 Dressed up to kill.
 With exertion heated,
 Flirting with a will.

Sitting by the ladies,—
 What a fine position,—
 Bless me! ain't it pleasant,
 Junior Exhibition?

Presently a Junior
 Mounts upon the stage,
 Looks about the audience,
 Wise as any sage;
 Then with careful utterance,
 Says his composition,
 Striving to do honor to
 Junior Exhibition.

Then the pretty ladies
 Look to see the man,
 Wave their little handkerchiefs,
 Almost kiss their hand,
 And the disappointed,
 In the competition,
 Curse their evil fortune at
 Junior Exhibition.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time,
 Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time;
 Soon as the woods or the shore look dim,
 We'll cheerfully sing our parting hymn;
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
 But when the wind blows off the shore,
 O, sweetly we'll rest the weary oar;
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

SONG OF THE BOLT.*

AIR—*Kingdom's coming.*

Oh? Freshman, have you got done laughing,
 At the Doctor's sad mistake,
 He made last term when he thought us napping,
 But he found us wide awake!
 He formed a plan most wondrous cunning,
 And he thought to scare us then;
 He turned us out but he seemed mighty willing
 To take us back again.

CHORUS.

He s'pended us, ha! ha! but he took us back, ho! ho!
 It must be now the kingdom's coming, and the year of
 jubilo.

I never shall forget that morning,
 If I live two hundred years;
 I tried so hard to keep from laughing,
 I could scarce keep back the tears.
 You know sometimes the biggest cannon,
 Will up and flash in the pan,
 Just the same as a flint lock musket,
 And so will the biggest man.

OUT OF THE FRESHMAN YEAR.

AIR—*When Johnny comes marching home.*

Examination's passed once more,
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 We'll sing with joy now they are o'er,
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 Then raise the shout of jubilee,
 That we no more shall Freshmen be;
 Don't we all feel gay that we're out of the Freshman year.
 Don't we all feel gay that we're out of the Freshman year.

Ring out a hearty "three times three,"

Hurrah! hurrah!

The loyal hearts of Genesee,

Hurrah! hurrah!

Ring for the days that are to come;

Ring for the past with mem'ries dumb;

Don't we all feel gay that we're out of the Freshman year.

Don't we all feel gay that we're out of the Freshman year.

* A 'Bolt' from Recitation, for which an entire class were suspended.

Ring off the rust of Freshman year,
Hurrah! hurrah!
And enter the next with a hearty cheer,
Hurrah! hurrah!
And while our friends around us throng,
We greet them with a happy song;
Then shake off all rust on leaving the Freshman year.
Then shake off all rust on leaving the Freshman year.

Then, brothers, bid a long farewell,
Hurrah! hurrah!
To those whom we have conned so well.
Hurrah? hurrah?
We'll kindly wave a fond adieu,
To old "Bourdon" and "Livy" too,
For we all feel gay that we're out of the Freshman year,
For we all feel gay that we're out of the Freshman year.

SONGS OF ROCHESTER UNIVERSITY.



MENAGERIE.

Van Amburgh is the man, who goes to all the shows,
 He goes into the lion's den, and tells you all he knows;
 He sticks his head in the Lion's mouth, and keeps it
 there awhile,
 And when he takes it out again, he greets you with a
 smile.

CHORUS.

The elephant now goes round, the band begins to play,
 The boys around the monkey's cage had better keep
 away.

First comes the African Polar Bear, oft called the Ice-
 berg's daughter,
 She's been known to eat three tubs of ice, then call for
 soda water;
 She wades in the water up to her knees, not fearing any
 harm,
 And you may grumble all you please, and she don't care
 a "darn."

That Hyena in the next cage, most wonderful to relate,
 Got awful hungry the other day, and ate up his female
 mate;
 He's a very ferocious beast, don't go near him, little
 boys,
 For when he's mad he shakes his tail, and makes this
 awful noise. *Imitation of growling.*

Next comes the Anaconda Boa Constrictor, oft called
 Anaconda for brevity,
 He's noted the world throughout for his age and great
 longevity;
 He can swallow himself, crawl through himself, and
 come out again with facility,
 He can tie himself up with a double-bow-knot with his
 tail, and wink with the greatest agility.

Next comes the Vulture, awful bird, from the mountain's
 highest tops,
 He's been known to eat up little girls, and then to lick
 his chops ;
 Oh, the show it can't go on. there's too much noise and
 confusion,
 Oh ladies, stop feeding those monkeys peanuts, it'll
 injure their constitution.

HAIR-BELLS.

AIR—*Sparkling and bright.*

BY J. A. E.

Here's to the maids with borrowed braids,
 And here's to the girls with the curls, sir ;
 Here's to the lass, of every class,
 Unjewelled, or in pearls, sir.

Our glasses clash to the nice moustache,
 And here's to the one with none, sir ;
 Here's to the cares of struggling hairs,
 Whose growth has just begun sir.

Here's to the thrall of a water-fall,
 And here's to the beard revered, sir ;
 To all the toils of female coils,
 By students never feared, sir.

The tangled mesh may catch a Fresh,
 Or Soph'more bold may hold, sir :
 But Seniors true, and Juniors too,
 For *that* are much too old, sir.

A *single* tress they'll often press,
 Nor from their heart will part sir,
 But purchased wig ain't worth a fig,
 To feather Cupid's dart, sir.

Then take more pains to fix your brains,
 And less, to roll your poll, Miss,
 Upon your hair bestow less care,
 And more upon your soul, Miss.

PEACH BLOW FARM.

I have a lovely Dinah,
 There's none that can outshine her,
 You may kiss her if you find her,
 Way down on the Peach Blow Farm.

CHORUS.

We won't go there any more, } *ter.*
 Way down on the Peach Blow Farm.
 There's a balm in Gilead, } *ter.*
 Way down on the Peach Blow Farm.
 Rig-jag-jig-jag-jig, } *ter.*
 Rig-jag-jig-jag-jig-jag,
 Rig-jag-jig-jag-jig.

Her Father's name was Moses,
 Her cheeks were red as roses,
 And her shoes were out at the toeses,
 Way down on the Peach Blow Farm.

When I asked her if she loved me,
 She said she felt above me,
 And then she up and shoved me,
 Way down to the Peach Blow Farm.

BANGO.

The Miller's big dog lies on the barn floor,
 And Bango is his name, sir;
 It begins with a B, and ends with an O,
 And Bango is his name, sir,
 B - a - n - g - O - h,
 And Bango is his name, sir.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

ANVIL CHORUS.

MUSIC BY VERDI.

The music of this piece, arranged for the voice and the pianoforte, is published in "De Witt's Half Dime Series of Choice Music." For sale by R. M. De Witt, No. 33 Rose street. Price five cents.

Banner of glory, we hail thee with pleasure,
 Stars in thy folds, oh, they glimmer undying!
 Dear to thy children, their hearts' noblest treasure,
 High in the pure sky of Liberty flying.
 Banner of glory, hover above us,
 Pride of the Nation's heart, to vict'ry still thou'rt
 guiding!
 Still to thy hallowed folds our future we're confiding!

CHORUS.

On, still on, banner of our joy!
 To vict'ry ever, to vict'ry ever,
 We still shall march with thee.

Banner of glory, the hues of the morning
 Wake in thy folds, in their radiant splendor!
 Hearts of thy children, awake at thy warning,
 Pledged to the Nation, and sworn to defend her.
 Banner of glory! hover above us!
 Pride of the Nation's heart, to vict'ry still thou'rt
 guiding!
 Still to thy hallowed folds our future we're confiding!

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

RALLYING SONG.

Yes, we'll rally round the Flag, boys, we'll rally once
 again,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
 We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from the
 plain,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

CHORUS.

The Union forever! hurrah! boys, hurrah!
 Down with the Traitors, up with the Stars
 While we rally round the Flag, boys, rally once again,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

We are springing to the call of our Brothers gone be-
 fore,

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million Freemen
 more,

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

We will welcome to our numbers the boys all true and
 brave,

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

And although he may be poor, he shall never be a slave,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

So we're springing to the call from the East and from
 the West,

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the
 best,

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

GLORY HALLELUJAH! NO. 1.

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
 His soul's marching on!

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah!

Glory Hally, Hallelujah!

Glory Hally, Hallelujah!

His soul's marching on!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
 His soul's marching on!

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 His soul's marching on!

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
 His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
 His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
 They go marching on !

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
 As they go marching on !

They will hang Jeff. Davis to a sour apple tree,
 They will hang Jeff. Davis to a sour apple tree,
 They will hang Jeff. Davis to a sour apple tree,
 As they go marching along !

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
 As they go marching along !

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union !
 Now, three rousing cheers for the Union !
 Now, three rousing cheers for the Union, !
 As we go marching on !

 MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys : we'll sing another song,
 Sing it with the spirit that will start the world along—
 Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,
 While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS. .

“ Hurrah ! hurrah ! we bring the Jubilee !
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! the flag that makes you free ! ”
 So we sing the chorus from Atlauta to the sea,
 While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful
 sound !
 How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found !
 How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
 While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful
tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for
years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking off in
cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

“ Sherman’s dashing Yankee boys will never reach the
coast ! ”

So the saucy rebels said, and ’twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

But the march is not yet finished, nor will we yet dis-
band,
While still a trace of treason remains to curse the land,
Or any foe against the flag uplifts a threatening hand,
For we’ve been marching through Georgia.

When Right is in the White House and Wisdom in her
seat,
The reconstructed Senators and Congressmen to greet,
Why then we may stop marching, and rest our weary
feet,
For we’ve been marching through Georgia.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

AIR—*Glory Hallelujah.*

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword,

His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory ! glory ! Hallelujah !

Glory ! glory ! Hallelujah !

Glory ! glory ! Hallelujah !

His truth is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of
 steel ;
 " As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
 shall deal ;
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
 heel

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
 retreat !

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-
 seat.

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant, my
 feet !

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lillies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me ;
 As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men
 free,

While God is marching on.

TRAMP ! TRAMP ! TRAMP !

THE PRISONER'S HOPE.

In the prison-cell I sit,
 Thinking Mother dear, of you,
 And our bright and happy home, so far away
 And the tears they fill my eyes,
 Spite of all that I can do,
 Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp ! the boys are marching,
 Cheer up ! comrades, they will come,
 And beneath the Starry Flag,
 We shall breathe the air again,
 Of the Free-land in our own beloved home.

In the battle-front we stood,
 When their fiercest charge they made,
 And they swept us off, a hundred men or more ;
 But, before we reached their lines,
 They were beaten back dismayed,
 And we heard the cry of Vict'ry o'er and o'er.

So, within the prison-cell,
 We are waiting for the day
 That shall come to open wide the iron door ;
 And the hollow eye grows bright,
 And the poor heart almost gay,
 As we think of seeing home and friends once
 more.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Oh, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,
 The home of the Brave and Free ;
 The Shrine of each Patriot's devotion,
 A World offers Homage to thee !
 Thy mandates make Heroes assemble,
 When Liberty's form stands in view ;
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue

CHORUS.

When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue ;
 Thy Banners make Tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged it's wide desolation,
 And threatened our land to deform,
 The Ark then of Freedom's foundation,
 Columbia rode safe through the storm.
 With her garland of victory o'er her,
 When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
 With her Flag proudly floating before her,
 The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
 And fill you it up to the brim ;
 May the memory of Washington ne'er wither,
 Nor the Star of his glory grow dim !
 May the service united ne'er sever,
 And hold to their colors so true !
 The Army and Navy forever !
 Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue !

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleam-
 ing;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the peril-
 ous fight

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
 streaming;

And the rocket's red glare; the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
 there;

O! say, does the star-spangled banner still wave, } *bis.*
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave? }

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;

'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave } *bis.*
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave! }

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollu-
 tion.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. } *bis.*

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and the foe's desolation;
 Bless'd with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued
 land,

Praise the power that has made and preserved us a
 nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust."

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave } *bis.*
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. }

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory ;
 Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise ;
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary—
 Behold their tears and hear their cries ;
 Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,
 With hireling hosts a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding ?

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye brave !
 The avenging sword unsheath !
 March on ! march on ! all hearts resolved
 On liberty or death.

Now, now, the treacherous storm is boiling,
 Which treacherous kings confederate raise,
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling ;
 And lo ! our fields and cities blaze ;
 And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless force, with guilty strife,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 With crime and blood his arms imbruing ?

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile instantly despots are,
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
 To meet and vend the light and air ;
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore ;
 But man is man, and who is more ?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us ?

Oh, Liberty, can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy generous flame ?
 Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee ?
 Or whip thy noble spirit tame ?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's daggers tyrants wield ;
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.

AMERICA.

My country 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing ;
 Land where our fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free—
 Thy name I love ;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills ;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song ;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our father's God to thee,
 Author of Liberty,
 To thee I sing
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

HAIL COLUMBIA, HAPPY LAND !

Hail Columbia! happy land! hail, ye heroes! heaven
 born band!

Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone, enjoyed the peace
 your valor won.

Let independence be our boast, ever mindful what it
 cost ;

Ever grateful for the prize, let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS.

Firm united let us be, rallying round our liberty ;
As a band of brothers joined, peace and safety we shall
find.

Immortal patriots rise once more, defend your rights,
defend your shore,

Let no rude foe, with impious hand,

Let no rude foe, with impious hand,

Invade the shrine where sacred lies, of toil and blood
the well-earned prize.

While offering peace sincere and just, in heaven we
place a manly trust,

That truth and justice will prevail, and every scheme of
bondage fail.

Sound, sound the trump of fame ! let Washington's great
name,

Ring through the world with loud applause,

Ring through the world with loud applause ;

Let every clime to freedom dear, listen with a joyful ear.

With equal skill and god-like power, he govern'd in the
fearful hour

Of horrid war, or guides, with ease, the happier times of
honest peace.

NEGRO MELODIES.



DARLING NELLY GRAY.



There's a low green valley on the Old Kentucky shore ;
 There I've whiled many happy hours away,
 A sitting and a singing by the little cottage door,
 Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

CHORUS.

Oh ! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
 And I'll never see my darling any more ;
 I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day,
 For you're gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain and the stars
 were shining too.

Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
 And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe,
 While my banjo sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her, but she's gone, the neigh-
 bors say ;

The white man bound her with his chain ;
 They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life
 away.

As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung,
 I'm tired of living any more ;

My eyes shall look downward, and my song shall be
 unsung,

While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blinded and I cannot see my way ;
 Hark ! there's somebody knocking at the door ;

Oh ! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray,
 Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

CHORUS.

Oh! my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven, there they
 say
 That they'll never take you from me any more ;
 I'm coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way,
 Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

 OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down upon the Swanee ribber,
 Far, far away,
 Dare's wha my heart is turning ebber,
 Dare's wha de old folks stay,
 All up and down de whole creation,
 Sadly I roam ;
 Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary,
 Ebry where I roam ;
 Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de old folks at home.

All around de little farm I wandered,
 When I was young ;
 Den my happy days I squandered,
 Many de songs I sung.
 When I was playing wid my brudder
 Happy was I ;
 Oh ! take me to my kind old mudder,
 Dere let me live and die.

Onc little hut among de bushes,
 One dat I love ;
 Still sadly to my memory rushes,
 No matter where I rove.
 When will I see de bees a humming,
 All round de comb ?
 When shall I hear de banjo tumming,
 Down in my good old home ?

UNCLE NED.

I once knew a darkey and his name was Uncle Ned,
 O he died long ago, long ago ;
 He had no wool on the top of his head,
 The place whar de wool ought to grow.

CHORUS.

Lay down the shovel and the hoe ;
 Hang up the fiddle and the bow ;
 Fo' no more work for poor old Ned—
 He's gone where the good old darkeys go.

His fingers were long like the cane in the brake,
 And he had no eyes for to sec ;
 He had no teeth for to eat de hoe cake,
 So he had to let the hoe cake be.

One cold frosty morning old Ned died,
 Oh! the tears down massa's face run like rain,
 For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground,
 He'd neber see his like again.

KINGDOM COMING.

Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa,
 Wid de muffstash on his face,
 Go long de road some time dis mornin',
 Like he gwine to leab de place?
 He seen a smoke way up de ribber,
 Whar de Linkum gunboats lay ;
 He took his hat, an' he lef' berry sudden,
 An' I spec' he's run away !

CHORUS.

De massa run ! ha ! ha !
 De darkey stay ! ho ! ho !
 It mus' be now de kingdom comin'
 An' de year ob Jubilo !

He six foot one way, two foot tudder,
 An' he weigh tree hundred pound,
 His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor,
 An' it won't go half way round.
 He drill so much dey call him Cap'an,
 An' he got so drefel tanned,
 I spec' he try an' fool dem Yankees,
 For to tink he's contraband.

De darkeys feel so berry lonesome,
 Libing in de log house on de lawn,
 Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor,
 For to keep it while he's gone.
 Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
 An' de darkeys dey'll hab some ;
 I spose dey'll all be cornfiscated,
 When de Linkum sogers come.

De oberseer he make us trouble,
 An' he dribe us round a spell ;
 We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
 Wid de key trown in de well.
 De whip is lost de han'-cuff broken,
 But de massa'll hab his pay,
 He's ole enuff, big enuff, ought to know better,
 Dan to went an' ruu away.

BABYLON IS FALLEN.

Don't you see de black clouds risin' ober yonder,
 Whar de massa's old plantation am?
 Neber you be frightened, dem is only darkeys,
 Come to jine and fight for Uncle Sam.

CHORUS.

Look out dar, now, we's agwine to shoot!
 Look out dar—don't you understand?
 Babylon is fallen, Babylon is fallen,
 And we's agwine to occupy de land.

Don't you see the lightnin' flashin' in de cane-brake,
 Like as if we agwine to hab a storm?
 No, you is mistaken, it's de darkeys' bay'nets,
 An' de buttons on dar uniform.

Way up in da corn-field, whar you hear de tunder,
 Dat is our ole forty-pounder gun ;
 When de shells are missin', den we load wid punkins,
 All de same to make de cowards run.

Massa was de kernal in de rebel army,
 Ebber since he went an' run away ;
 But his lubby darkeys, dey has been a watchin',
 An' dey take him pris'ner tudder day.

We will be de massa, he will be de servant,
 Try him how he likes it for a spell ;
 So we crack de butt'nuts, so we take de kernal,
 So de cannon carry back de shell.

TEN LITTLE INJUNS.

Ten little Injuns standing in a line,
 One toddled home, and then there were nine.
 Nine little Injuns swingin' on a gate,
 One tumbled off and then there were eight.

CHORUS.

One little, two little, three little, four little, five little
 Injun boys,
 Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little, ten little
 Injun boys.

Eight little Injuns never heard of heaven,
 One kicked the bucket and then there were seven.
 Seven little Injuns cutting up their tricks,
 One broke his neck and then there were six.

Six little Injuns kicking all alive,
 One went to bed, and then there were five.
 Five little Injuns on a cellar-door,
 One tumbled in and then there were four.

Four little Injuns out on a spree,
 One dead drunk, and then there were three.
 Three little Injuns out in a canoe,
 One tumbled over-board, and then there were two.

Two little Injuns foolin' with a gun,
 One shot t'other and then there was one.
 One little Injun living all alone,
 He got married and then there were none.

ENCORE VERSE AND CHORUS.

One little Injun with his little wife,
 Lived in a wigwam the balance of his life.
 One daddy Injun, one mammy squaw,
 Soon raised a family of ten Injuns more.

CHORUS.

One little, two little, three little, four little, five
 Injuns more,
 Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little, ten little
 Injuns more.

CAMPTOWN RACES; OR, GWINE TO RUN ALL NIGHT.

De Camptown ladies sing dis song—doo-dah, doo-dah!
De Camptown Race-track five miles long—Oh, doo-dah-day!

I came down dah wid my hat caved in—doo-dah, doo-dah!
I go back home wid a pocket full ob tin—Oh, doo-dah-day!

CHORUS.

Gwine to run all night!

Gwine to run all day!

I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag

Somebody bet on de bay;

Bet my money on de bob tail nag—

Somebody bet on de bay.

De long-tail filly and de big black hoss—doo-dah, doo-dah!

Dey fly de track, and dey both cut across—Oh, doo-dah-day!

De blind hoss sticken in a big mud-hole—doo-dah, doo-dah!

Can't touch bottom wid a ten-foot pole—Oh, doo-dah-day!

Old muley cow came on to de track—doo-dah, doo-dah!

De bob-tail fling her ober his back—Oh, doo-dah-day!

Den fly along like a railroad car—doo-dah, doo-dah!

Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star—Oh, doo-dah-day!

See dem flyin' on a ten mile heat—doo-dah, doo-dah!

Round de race-track, den repeat—Oh, doo-dah-day!

I win my money on de bob-tail nag—doo-dah, doo-dah!

I keep my money in an old tow-bag—Oh, doo-dah-day!

MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND.

BY S. C. FOSTER.

Round de meadows am a ringin,

De darkey's mournful song,

While de mocking bird am singing,

Happy as de day am long;

Where de ivy am a creeping,

O'er de grassy mound,

Dare old massa am a sleeping,

Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS.

Down in de cord-field,
Hear dat mournful sound,
All de darkeys am a weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old ;
Now de orange trees am blooming,
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more.

Massa made de darkeys love him,
Cayse he was so kind,
Now dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning cayse he leaves dem behind ;
I cannot work before to-morrow,
Cayse de tear drop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin' on de old banjo.

DUTCH AND IRISH SONGS.



JOHNNY SCHMOKER.

In this song, an old German musician tells his friend, Johnny Schmoker, about the instruments upon which he can play, and describes them by motion while he sings. When performed by a chorus, especially of men, the movements being in exact time, and all together, an effect is produced which has not been equalled by anything of the kind ever produced in this country. Observe that the motions are made only when the words describing the instrument are sung, as for example, at "Rub a dub a dub," the roll of the drum is imitated, beginning (as in the case of all the instruments) with the first, and ending exactly with the last words; at "Pilly willy wink," the hands are placed as if playing the lute, and the fingers only move; at "Tic knock knock," the right hand strikes three times under the left, as if playing the triangle; at "Bom bom bom," the hand is moved forward and back, as if playing the trombone; and so on to the last, which is imitated by crooking both arms and striking with them against the sides, as if playing the bag-pipe. Observe that the singing at some of the instruments is loud, and at others soft: also, that the phrase where each instrument is first mentioned, is repeated, and that the first movement, which is sung when each instrument is introduced, is, to save room, printed but once.

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker, Ich kann spielen,*
 Ich kann spielen, Ich kann spielen,
 Ich kann spiel mein klue Drummel,
 Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.

Fife, Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
 Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
 Mein Rub a dub a dub.
 Mein Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife.

Triangle, Tic knock knock knock, das ist Triangle,
 Pilly willy wink, das is mein Fife,
 Rub a dub a dub, das ist my Drummel,
 Mein Rub a dub a dub,
 Mein Pilly willy wink,
 Mein Tic knock knock, das is Triangle.

Trombone, Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
 Tic knock knock, das ist Triangle,
 Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
 Rub a dub a dub, das ist my Drummel;

* I can play.

Mein Rub a dub a dub,
 Mein Pilly willy wink,
 Mein Tic knock knock,
 Mein Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone.

Cymbal, Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,
 Bom bom bom, das ist my Trombone,
 Tic knock knock, das ist Triangle,
 Pilly willy wink, das is mein Fife,
 Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel,
 Mein Rub a dub a dub,
 Mein Pilly willy wink,
 Mein Tic knock knock,
 Mein Bom bom bom,
 Mein Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal

Viol, Fal lal lal, das ist mein Viol.
 Zoom zoom zoom, das is mein Cymbal,
 Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
 Tic knock knock, das ist Triangle,
 Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
 Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.

Mein Rub a dub a dub,
 Mein Pilly willy wink,
 Mein Tic knock knock,
 Mein Bom bom bom,
 Mein Zoom zoom zoom,
 Mein Fal lal lal, das ist mein Viol,
 Toodle-Sach, Whack whack whack, das ist mein Toodle-
 Sach,
 Fal lal lal, das ist mein Viol,
 Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,
 Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
 Tie knock knock, das ist Triangle,
 Pilly will wink, das ist mein Fife,
 Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
 Mein Rub a dub a dub,
 Mein Pilly willy wink,
 Mein Tic knock knock,
 Mein Bom bom bom,
 Mein Zoom zoom zoom,
 Mein Fal lal lal,
 Mein Whack whack whack, das ist mein Toodle-Sach.

THE REGULAR ARMY O!

BY ED. HARRIGAN.

Three years ago this very day
 We went to Governor's Isle,
 For to stand forinst the cannon,
 In true military style.
 Seventeen American dollars
 Each month we surely get
 For to carry a gun and bagnetts
 With a regimental step.
 We had our choice of going
 To the army or to jail ;
 Or it's up the Hudson river
 With a "copper" take a sail ;
 Oh, we puckered up our courage,
 Wid bravery we did go ;
 Oh, we cursed the day we went away
 Wid the Regular Army O !

CHORUS.

There was Sergeant John McCaffery,
 And Captain Donahue ;
 Oh, they made us march and toc the mark,
 In gallant Company " Q. "
 Oh, the drums would roll, upon my soul ;
 This is the style we'd go,
 Forty miles a day on beans and hay,
 In the Regular Army O !

We wint to Arizony
 For to fight the Injins there ;
 We came near being made bald-headed,
 But they never got our hair ;
 We lay among the ditches,
 In the yellow, dirty mud,
 And we never saw an onion,
 A tunip, or a spud.
 Oh, we were taken prisoners,
 Conveyed fornist the chafe ;
 Oh, he said we'll make an Irish stew,
 The dirty Indian thafe.
 On the telegraphic wire
 We walked to Mexico ;
 We blessed the day we skipped away
 From the Regular Army O !

We've been dry as army herrings,
 And as hungry as a Turk ;
 Oh, the boys along the street cry out,
 " Soger, would you work ?"
 We'd ship into the navy
 For to plow the raging sea,
 But cold water sure we couldn't endure,
 'Twould never agree wid me.
 We'll join the politicians,
 Then we know we'll be well fed ;
 Oh, we'll sleep no more upon the ground,
 But in a feather bed,
 And if a war it should break out,
 They call on us to go,
 We'll get Italian substitutes
 For the Regular Army O !

We've corns upon our heels, my boys,
 And bunions on our toes ;
 For lugging a gun in the red-hot sun
 Puts freckles on your nose.
 England has its Grenadiers,
 France has its Zoo-zoos,
 The U. S. A. never changes they say,
 But continually wears the blues.
 When we are out upon parade,
 We must have our muskets bright,
 Or they'll slap us in the guard-house
 To pass away the night ;
 And whin we want a furlough,
 To the Colonel we do go ;
 He says go to bed, and wait till you're dead,
 In the Regular Army O !

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Kathleen Mavourneen ! the gray dawn is breaking,
 The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
 The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
 Kathleen Mavourneen, what, slumb'ring still !
 Ah ! hast thou forgotten soon we must sever ?
 Oh ! hast thou forgotten this day we must part ?
 It may be for years, and it may be forever,
 Oh ! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?

CHORUS.

And it may be for years, and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light,
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night,
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.
Mavourneen! Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling
To think that from Erin and thee I must part!
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Then why are thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

CHORUS.

It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

TIM FINIGAN'S WAKE.

AIR—*The French Musician.*

Tim Finigan lived in Walker street,
A gentleman Irishman—mighty odd;
He'd a beautiful brogue, so rich and sweet—
And to rise in the world, he carried the hod.
But, you see, he'd a sort of a tipping way,
With a love for the liquor poor Tim was born;
To help him through his work each day,
He'd a drop of the craythur every morn.

CHORUS.

Whack, hurrah! blood and ounds! ye soul, ye,
Welt the flure, ye'r trotters shake,
Isn't it the truth I've tould ye?
Lots of fun at Finigan's wake!

One morning Tim was rather full
His head felt heavy, which made him shake,
He fell from the ladder and broke his skull—
So they carried him home, his corpse to wake,
They rolled him up in a nice, clean sheet,
And laid him out upon a bed,
With fourteen candles round his feet,
And a couple of dozen around his head.

His friends assembled at the wake ;
 Missus Finigan called out for the lunch.
 First, they lay in tay and cake,
 Then pipes, and tobacky and whisky-punch:
 Miss Biddy O'Brien began to cry :
 " Such a purty corpse did ever you see?
 Arrah ! Tim avourneen, and why did ye die ?"
 " Och, none of your gab !" sez Judy Magee.

Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job :
 " Arrah ! Biddy," says she, " your wrong, I'm
 sure."

But Judy then gave her a belt in the gob,
 And left her sprawling on the flure.
 Each side in war did then engage,
 'Twas woman to woman, and man to man ;
 Shillaleh-law was all the rage—
 An' a bloody ruction soon began.

Micky Mulvaney raised his head,
 When a gallon of whisky flew at him ;
 It missed him—and, hopping on the bed
 The liquor scattered over Tim.
 Bedad ! he revives ! see how he raises !
 An' Timothy, jumping from the bed,
 Cries, while he lathered around like blazes,
 " Bad luck till yer souls, d'ye think I'm dead ?"

DREE DOUSAND MILES AVAY.

Sung by Gus Williams. Written expressly for him by Ned Harrigan.

Dree veeks ago lasd Duesday nide, I come from off
 de sea,
 In a gread bid shib, I make dot drip from my own deitch
 gountry ;
 I leave pehind my faderland, my gal so sweet and gay,
 ay, ay,
 She lives by Frankford on de Rhine, dree dousand miles
 away.

CHORUS.

Den plow you vinds avay, I don't no longer sday,
 I vas on poard dot gread pig drain, vich swards by yes-
 tertay ;
 Yankee doodle doo, und Kill Kolumpia too,
 I dink ids besd I go oud vesd dree dousand miles avay.

I wride me ledders blendy,
Und I tole my gal come oud ;
Ve go in pissiness rite away
Und make dot Sauerkraud ;
But ven I get a ledder pack,
Vot do you dink she say, ay, ay,
I vas no use, I vas a goose,
Dree dousand miles away.

I vork de railroads und de farms,
I shovel blenty dirt,
I fall away down in de coal mine,
You bet I don't vas hurt ;
I vas so sdrong like onions, too,
But dot vas nix-ver-stay, ay, ay,
I catch de group, from drinking soub,
Dree dousand miles away.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS:



PUT ME IN MY LITTLE BED.

Oh! birdie, I am tired now,
 I do not care to hear you sing;
 You've sung your happy songs all day,
 Now put your head beneath your wing;
 I'm sleepy too, as I can be—
 And, sister, when my prayer is said,
 I want to lay me down to rest,
 So, put me in my little bed.

CHORUS.

Come, sister, come, kiss me good night,
 For, I my evening prayer have said,
 I'm tired now, and sleepy too,
 Come, put me in my little bed.

O sister! what did mother say,
 When she was called to heaven away?
 She told me always to be good,
 And never, never, go astray;
 I can't forget the day she died—
 She placed her hand upon my head,
 She whispered softly: "Keep my child—"
 And then they told me she was dead!

Dear sister come and hear my prayer,
 Now, ere I lay me down to sleep,
 Within my heavenly Father's care,
 While angels bright their vigils keep,
 And let me ask of him above,
 To keep my soul in paths of right—
 O! let me thank him for his love,
 Ere I shall say my last Good-night.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

When the swallows homeward fly,
 When the roses scattered lie.
 When, from neither hill nor dale,
 Chaunts the silvery nightingale.

CHORUS.

In these words my bleeding heart
 Would to thee its grief impart :
 Shall we ever meet again?
 Parting, ah ! parting, parting is pain,
 Parting, ah ! parting, parting is pain !

When the white swan southward roves,
 There to seek the orange-groves,
 When the red tints of the West,
 Prove the sun has gone to rest.

O poor heart ! whate'er befall,
 There is rest for thee and all—
 That on earth which fades away,
 Comes again in bright array.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton Braes are bonnie,
 Where early fa's the dew,
 And it's there that Annie Laurie
 Gie'd me her promise true,
 Gie'd me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
 Her throat is like the swan,
 Her face it is the fairest,
 That e'er the sun shone on—
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 And dark blue is her e'e,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

Like the dew on the gowan lying
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
 And like the winds in summer sighing
 Her voice is low and sweet—
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's a' the world to me,
 And for bonnie Annie Lanrie
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

WHEN I SAW SWEET NELLIE HOME.

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
 On the grass the moonlight fell,
 Hushed the sound of daylight bustle,
 Closed the pink-eyed pimpermell,
 As adown the moss-grown wood-path,
 Where the cattle love to roam,
 From Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
 I was seeing Nellie home.

CHORUS.

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
 On the grass the moonlight shone,
 From Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
 I was seeing Nellie home.

When the Autumn tinged the greenwood,
 Turning all its leaves to gold,
 In the lawn by the elders shaded,
 I my love to Nellie told.
 On the star-bespangled dome,
 How I blessed the August evening,
 As we stood together gazing,
 When I saw sweet Nellie home.

White hairs mingle with thy tresses,
 Furrows stealing on my brow,
 But a love-smile cheers and blesses
 Life's declining moments now.
 Matron in the snowy kerchief,
 Closer to my bosom come,
 Tell me—dost thou still remember?
 When I saw thee, sweet Nellie home?

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

BY HENRY TUCKER.

Dearest love, do you remember,
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh! how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vow'd to me and country,
Ever to be true.

CHORUS.

Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain!
Yet praying, when this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again!

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along!
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft, in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.

If, amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call;
Who would whisper words of comfort?
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain!

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way!
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and Liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love our starry banner,
Emblem of the free!

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

From Moore's "Lallah Rookh."

Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter,
 Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea,
 No pearl ever lay under Omar's Green Water,
 More pure in its shell, than thy spirit in thee.
 Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber,
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept,
 With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber,
 We Peris of ocean by moonlight hath slept.
 Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Nor shall Iran, beloved of our hero, forget thee,
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start;
 Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
 Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.
 Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber,
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept,
 With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber,
 We Peris of ocean by moonlight have slept.
 Farewell! farewell! farewell!

HOME SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-
 where.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, } *bis.*
 There's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
 And feel that my parent now thinks of her child;
 She looks on that moon from her own cottage door,
 Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no
 more.

Home, home, etc.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
 O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
 The birds singing gayly that came at my call,
 Give me them with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
 Home, home, etc.

UNDER THE WILLOW SHE'S SLEEPING.

BY S. C. FOSTER.

Under the willow she's laid with care,
 Sang a lone mother while weeping ;
 Under the willow, with golden hair,
 My little one's quietly sleeping.

CHORUS.

Fair, fair, and golden hair,
 Sang a lone mother while weeping ;
 Fair, fair, and golden hair,
 Under the willow she's sleeping.

Under the willow no songs are heard,
 Near where my darling lies dreaming ;
 Naught but the voice of some far-off bird,
 Where life and its pleasures are beaming.

Under the willow by night and day,
 Sorrowing ever I ponder ;
 Free from its shadowy, gloomy ray,
 Ah ! never again can she wander.

Under the willow I breathe a prayer,
 Longing to linger forever,
 Near to my angel with golden hair,
 In lands where there's sorrowing never.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight !
 Make me a child again, just for to-night !
 Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
 Take me again to your heart, as of yore.
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
 Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
 Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

CHORUS.

Clasped to your heart, in a loving embrace,
 With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
 Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
 No love, like mother-love, ever has shone ;
 No other worship abides and endures,
 Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours.
 None, like a mother, can charm away pain,
 From the sick soul and world-weary brain ;
 Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep,
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

Come, let your brown hair, just light with gold,
 Fall on your shoulders again, as of old ;
 Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
 Shading my faint eyes away from the light,
 For, with its sunny-edged shadows, once more,
 Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore,
 Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep,
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Just before the battle Mother,
 I'm thinking most of you,
 While, upon the field we're watching,
 With the enemy in view.
 Comrades brave are round me lying,
 Filled with thoughts of home and God ;
 For, well they know that, on the morrow,
 Some may sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.

Farewell ! Mother, you may never
 Press me to your heart again,
 But oh ! you'll not forgot me Mother,
 If I'm numbered with the slain !

Oh ! I long to see you, Mother,
 And the loving ones at home ;
 But I'll never leave our Banner,
 Till in honor I can come.
 Tell the traitors all around you,
 That their cruel words, we know,
 In ev'ry battle kill our soldiers,
 By the help they give the foe.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding :
 'Tis the signal for the fight,
 Now may God protect us, Mother,
 As he ever does the right!
 Hear the "Battle-cry of Freedom,"
 How it swells upon the air!
 Oh! yes, we'll rally round our Standard,
 Or we'll perish nobly there!

JUST AFTER THE BATTLE.

Still upon the field of battle
 I am lying, Mother, dear,
 With my wounded comrades waiting,
 For the morning to appear.
 Many sleep to waken never
 In this world of strife and death;
 And many more are faintly calling,
 With their feeble dying breath.

CHORUS.

Mother dear, your boy is wounded,
 And the night is drear with pain;
 But still I feel that I shall see you,
 And the dear old home again.

Oh! the first great charge was fearful!
 And a thousand brave men fell,
 Still, amid the dreadful carnage,
 I was safe from shot and shell;
 So, amid the fatal shower,
 I had nearly passed the day,
 When, here, the dreaded Minnie struck me,
 And I sunk amid the fray!

Oh! the glorious cheer of triumph,
 When the foemen turned and fled,
 Leaving us the field of battle,
 Strewn with dying and with dead!
 Oh! the torture and the anguish
 That I could not follow on;
 But, here amid my fallen comrades,
 I must wait till morning's dawn.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Darling, I am growing old,
 Silver threads among the gold
 Shine upon my brow to-day :
 Life is fading fast away ;
 But, my darling, you will be—will be
 Always young and fair to me—
 Yes ! my darling, you will be
 Always young and fair to me.

CHORUS.

Darling, I am growing, growing old,
 Silver threads among the gold
 Shine upon my brow to-day ;
 Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white,
 And your cheeks no longer bright
 With the roses of the May,
 I will kiss your lips and say—
 “ Oh, my darling, mine alone—alone.
 You have never older grown—
 Yes ! my darling, mine alone,
 You have never older grown ! ”

Love can never more grow old ;
 Locks may lose their brown and gold,
 Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
 But the hearts that love will know
 Never, never winter's frost and chill ;
 Summer's warmth is in them still—
 Never winter's frost and chill,
 Summer's warmth is in them still.

Love is always young and fair—
 What to us is silver hair,
 Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow,
 To the heart that beats below ?
 Since I kissed you mine alone, alone,
 You have never older grown—
 Since I kissed you mine alone,
 You have never older grown.

IF I HAD A THOUSAND A YEAR.

- “ Oh! if I had a thousand a year, Gaffer Green,
 But I ne'er shall have it, I fear,
 What a man I should be,
 And what sights I would see,
 If I had a thousand a year, Gaffer Green,
 Oh! if I had a thousand a year!”
- “ The best wish you could have (take my word, Robin
 Rough)
 Will not pay for your bread and your beer;
 But be honest and true,
 Say what would you do,
 If you had got a thousand a year, Robin Rough?
 Oh! If you had got a thousand a year?”
- “ I would do—why, I cannot tell what, Gaffer Green!
 I would go—I scarcely know where!
 I would scatter the chink,
 And leave others to think,
 While I lived on a thousand a year, Gaffer Green!
 While I lived on a thousand a year!”
- “ And when you are aged and gray, Robin Rough.
 And the day of your death it draws near,
 What, 'midst all your pains,
 Would you do with your gains,
 If you then had a thousand a year, Robin Rough?
 If you then had a thousand a year?”
- “ I ne'er can tell what you're at, Gaffer Green,
 Your questions are always so queer;
 But as other folks die,
 I suppose so must I.”
- “ What! and give up your thousand a year?
 What! and give up your thousand a year?”
- “ There's a place, too, that's better than this, Robin
 Rough,
 And I hope in my heart you'll go there,
 Where the poor man's as great,
 Though he has no estate,
 As the one with a thousand a year, Robin Rough!
 As one with a thousand a year!”

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks wère like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is bald, John
 Your locks are like the snaw,
 My blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a canny day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither,
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 And a wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast ;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While, like an eagle free,
 Away our good ship flies, and leaves
 Columbia on our lee.

CHORUS.

Oh, give me a wct sheet, a flowing sea,
 And a wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind,
 I heard a fair one cry,
 But give to me the roaring breeze
 And white waves heaving high ;
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free,
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud,
 And hark the music, mariners,
 The wind is piping loud ;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free,
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

DOWN IN THE COAL MINE.

I am a jovial collier lad,
 As blithe as blithe can be,
 For let the times be good or bad,
 They're all the same to me ;
 'Tis little of the world I know,
 And care less for its ways,
 For where the dog-star never glows,
 I wear away my days.

CHORUS.

Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground,
 Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found ;
 Digging dusky diamonds all the season round,
 Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground.

My hands are horny, hard and black
 With working in the vein,
 And like the clothes upon my back,
 My speech is rough and plain ;
 Well, if I stumble with my tongue,
 I've one excuse to say,
 'Tis not the collier's heart that's wrong,
 'Tis the head that goes astray.

At every shift, be't soon or late,
 I haste my bread to earn,
 And anxiously my kindred wait,
 And watch for my return ;
 For death that levels all alike,
 Whate'er their rank may be,
 Amid the fire and damp may strike,
 And fling his darts at me.

How little do the great ones care,
 Who sit at home secure,
 What hidden dangers colliers dare—
 What hardships they endure !
 The very fires their mansions boast
 To cheer themselves and wives,
 Mayhap were kindled at the cost
 Of jovial colliers' lives.

Then cheer up, lads, and make ye much
 Of every joy ye can,
 But let your mirth be always such
 As best becomes a man ;
 However fortune turns about
 We'll still be jovial souls,
 For what would nations be without
 The lads that look for coals.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah, hurrah !
 We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah, hurrah !
 The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
 The ladies they will all turn out,
 And we'll all feel gay,
 When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church-bell will peal with joy, hurrah, hurrah !
 To welcome home our darling boy, hurrah, hurrah !
 The village lads and lasses say
 With roses they will strew the way.
 And we'll all feel gay,
 When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee, hurrah, hurrah !
 We'll give the hero three times three, hurrah, hurrah !
 The laurel wreath is ready now,
 To place upon his loyal brow,
 And we'll all feel gay,
 When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship, on that day, hurrah, hurrah !
 Their choicest treasures then display, hurrah, hurrah !
 And let each one perform some part,
 To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
 And we'll all feel gay
 When Johnny comes marching home.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the Ocean wave,
 A home on the rolling deep,
 Where the scattered waters rave,
 And the winds their revels keep.
 Like an eagle caged I pine,
 On this dull unchanging shore ;
 Oh, give me the splashing brine,
 The spray and the tempest's roar.
 A life, etc.

Once more on the deck I stand,
 Of my own swift gliding craft,
 Set sail, farewell to the land !—
 The gale flows fair abaft.
 We shoot through the sparkling foam,
 Like an Ocean bird set free—
 Like the Ocean bird our home,
 We'll find far out in the sea.
 A life, etc.

The land is no longer in view,
 The clouds have begun to frown,
 But with a stout vessel and crew,
 We'll say, let the storm come down.
 And the song of our hearts shall be,
 While the winds and the waters rave,
 A life on the heaving sea,
 A home on the bounding wave !
 A life, etc.

SUSAN JANE.

I went to see my Susan ; she met me at the door,
 She told me that I need'nt come to see her any more ;
 She fell in love with Rufus Andy Jackson Payne ;
 I am going to leave you soon ; good-bye Susan Jane.

. CHORUS.

O, Susan Jane, O, Susan Jane,
 O, Susan quit your fooling, give your heart to me,
 Give me back my love again, and I will let you be ;
 I used to love you dearly—I cannot love again ;
 I am going away to leave you soon ; good-bye Susan
 Jane.

Her mouth was like a cellar, her foot was like a ham,
 Her eyes were like an owl's at night, her voice was never
 calm,
 Her hair was long and curly, she looked just like a crane ;
 I'm going away to leave you ; good-bye Susan Jane.

O, Susan, so deceiving, she will not do to trust ;
 I threatened once to leave her, and leave her now I must.
 I'll never love another, to cause me any pain ;
 I'm going away to leave you soon ; good-bye Susan Jane.

NOT FOR JOSEPH.

I've seen a bit of gayety throughout my short career,
 I once was foolish with my tin, but I've paid most dear.
 If folks would seek to take me in they find it is no go ;
 I'm up to almost everything—you can't get over Joe.

CHORUS.

Oh! dear, no! not for Joe—if he knows it—not for
 Joseph.

Oh! no, no! not for Joe—not for Joseph—oh! dear no!
 The other day, I met a freind, we passed the time of day,
 And chatted gayly down Broadway ; but ere I went
 away,

I kindly asked the learned swell to take a parting drain,
 Oh! yes, said he, I think I will ; then let it be champagne.

SPOKEN.—No, you don't, my dear fellow, you don't
 get champagne out of Joseph.

Some time ago, a freind of mine, he asked me out to
 dine,

And there he introduced me to one he called divine :
 He said she'd make a charming wife, and had such lots
 of tin :

A widow only forty-two : go in, my boy, and win.

SPOKEN.—Matrimony and lots of money, and a widow
 only forty-two—well the money is very good but, then—
 the widow.

Of late, in town, there was a fuss about the Japs so
 grand :

And, also, of the Russians who visited our land,
 And the country companies we greeted with hearty cheers,
 We know they have been received well by the New York
 Volunteers

SPOKEN.—What a glorious thing it is to fight and die for your country! What can be more glorious than a bullet in your eye? What can be more painful than a bullet in the eye? Nothing I should think—

And, now, perhaps, I've sung my song, you might be in
the cue,
To show you kind acknowledgment, but that with me
won't do,
As for to-night I've done my best, and that you ought to
know;
So, if you want a song again, dont try it on with Joe!

THE CORK LEG.

A tale I tell now without any flam,
In Holland dwelt Mynheer Vonclam,
Who every moraing said I am
The richest merchant in Rotterdam.

CHORUS.

Ri too ral, lu ral, ri fol lol de da.

One day he had stuffed him full as an egg,
When a poor relation came to beg,
But he kicked him out without broaching a keg,
And in kicking him out he broke his leg.

A surgeon, the first in his vocation,
Came and made a long oration,
He wanted a limb for automization,
So finished his folly by amputation,

Said Mynheer, said he when he'd done his work,
By your sharp knife I lose one fork,
But on two crutches I never will stalk,
For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork.

An artist in Rotterdam 'twould seem,
Had made cork legs his study and theme,
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
The springs a compound of clock-work and steam

The leg was made and fitted tight,
Inspection the artist did invite,
The fine shape gave Mynheer delight,
As he fixed it on and screwed it tight.

He walked through squares and past each shop,
 Of speed he went to the utmost top,
 Each step he took with a bound and hop,
 And he found his leg he could not stop.

Horror and fright were in his face,
 The neighbors thought he was running a race,
 He clung to a gas-lamp post to stay his pace,
 But the leg wouldn't stay but kept on the
 chase.

Then he called to some men with all his might,
 Oh, stop this leg, I am murdered quite!
 But though they heard him aid invite,
 He in less than a minute was out of sight.

He ran o'er hill and dale and plain,
 To ease his weary bones he'd fain,
 Did throw himself down, but all in vain,
 The leg got up and was off again.

He walked of days and nights a score,
 Of Europe he had made the tour,
 He died, but though he was no more,
 The leg walked on the same as before.

In Holland sometimes it comes in sight,
 A skeleton on a cork leg tight,
 No cash did the artist's skill requite,
 He never was paid, and it served him right.

My tale I've told both plain and free,
 Of the rummiest merchant that could be,
 Who never was buried, though dead we see,
 And I've been singing his L-E-G!

UP IN A BALOON.

One night I went up in a baloon,
 On a voyage of discovery to visit the moon,
 Where an old man dwells, so some people say,
 Thro' cuttiug sticks on a Sunday.
 Up went the baloon, quickly higher and higher,
 Over house top and chimney pot, tower and spire;
 I knock'd off the monument's top very nigh,
 And caught hold of the top of St. Paul's going by.

CHORUS.

Up in a baloon, up in a baloon,
 All among the little stars, sailing round the moon ;
 Up in a baloon, up in a baloon,
 It's something awful jolly to be up in a baloon.

Up, up I was borne with terrible power,
 At the rate of ten thousand five hundred an hour,
 The air was cold, the wind blew loud,
 I narrowly escaped being choked by a cloud ;
 Still up I went till surrounded by stars,
 And such planets as Jupiter, Venus and Mars,
 The big and the little bear loudly did growl,
 And the Dog Star on seeing me set up a howl !
 Whilst up, etc.

I met shooting stars who were bent upon sport,
 But who "shot" in a very strange manner I thought,
 And one thing beat all my chinks I must say,
 That was when I got into the Milky Way ;
 I counted the stars, till at last I thought
 I'd found out how much they were worth by the
 quart,
 An unpolite "*Aerolite*" who ran 'gainst my car,
 Wouldn't give "*e're a light*" to light my cigar.
 Whilst up, etc.

Next a comet went by 'midst fire like hail,
 To give me a lift, I seized hold of his tail,
 To where he was going I didn't inquire,
 We'd gone past the moon till we couldn't get higher ;
 Yes, we'd got to the furthestmost ! don't think I joke,
 When somehow I felt a great shock—I awoke !
 When instead of baloon, moon and planets, I saw,
 I'd tumbled from off of my bed to the floor.

CHORUS.

And there was no baloon—there was no baloon,
 There were not any planets, and there wasn't any
 moon,
 So never sup too heavy, or by jingo very soon ;
 You're like to fancy you are going up in a baloon.

HANKI PANKI; OR, THE GIRL THAT CAME FROM CHINA.

I once had lots of cash, but now,
 I wish some one would lend it;
 I thought I'd go and travel,
 And found that the way to spend it.
 I've been to the North, I've been to the East,
 But now I'm a repiner;
 You must know that all my trouble's caused,
 Thro' a girl I brought from China.

CHORUS.

But now, do tell me true,
 Have you seen my Hanki Panki,
 Fo fum choke em chum,
 Ta pi-o-ca, sago, gum!

In the city of Nankin, 'twas there,
 Lived Hanki Panki's father;
 He used to keep a barber's shop,
 And Hanki did the lather.
 I used to let her lather me,
 Ah, none could do it finer;
 She could speak broken English, too,
 Whilst I spoke broken China.

SPOKEN.—And so our loves' began.

Sweet Hanki's eyes were very small,
 Her mouth—Ah! well—no matter;
 Her finger nails six inches long,
 Her nose could not be flatter.
 'Twas not her beauty that I loved,
 The feeling I felt was finer;
 I thought at home how grand 'twould look,
 To have a wife from China.

SPOKEN.—But where is she now? echo answers.—

She bid good-bye to Nankin,
 And she bid good-bye to lather,
 And left the chin shop business,
 To her ugly long tailed father.
 I brought my love across the sea,
 In hopes to cut a shine, ah!
 But now I'm much inclined to wish,
 She'd never come from China.

SPOKEN.—For she's gone from my gaze like a beautiful—

One day there came a Chinaman,
 A begging at the door, sirs ;
 She saw him! scream'd, then ran away,
 I've never seen her more, sirs.
 But the Chinaman he calls each day,
 And kicks up such a shine, ah!
 He vows he'll be the death of me,
 For bringing her from China.

SPOKEN.—She turned out to be the Chinaman's wife !
 I was innocent as a sucking pig, but

My intentions they were honorable,
 And no one could be kinder,
 But Hanki's husband says that I
 Shall die if I don't find her.
 So pity me I hope you will,
 For dreadful troubles mine are ;
 I shall have to find my Chinese love,
 And take her back to China.

SPOKEN.—For the Chinaman threatens me daily with
 his Hukaboo, Ningpo, Hanki Panki, chop, chop, chow,
 chow, Pekoe, Bohea, and Souchong, to say nothing of
 his gun-powder, so—

Now come, etc.

THE BIG SUN-FLOWER.

There is a charm I can't explain,
 About a girl I've seen,
 And my heart beats fast when she goes past
 In a dark dress trimmed with green.
 Her eyes are bright as the evening stars,
 So lovely and so shy,
 And the folks all stop and look around
 Whenever she goes by.

CHORUS.

And I feel just as happy as a big Sun-flower
 That nods and bends in the breezes,
 And my heart is as light as the wind that blows
 The leaves from off the trees.

As time passed on and we became
 Like friends of olden time,
 I thought the question I would pop
 And ask her to be mine.
 But the answer I received next day,
 How could she treat me so?
 For instead of being mine for life,
 She simply answered No!

I called next day dressed in my best,
 My fair one for to see,
 And asked her if she would explain
 Why she had jilted me.
 She said she really felt quite sad,
 To cause me such distress,
 And when I said, now do be mine,
 Why, of course, she answered, Yes.

THE FLYING TRAPEZE.

Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
 Like an old coat that is tattered and torn,
 Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn—
 Betrayed by a maid in her teens.
 The girl that I loved, she was handsome—
 I tried all I knew her to please ;
 But I could not please her one-quarter so well
 Like that man upon the Trapeze.

CHORUS.

He'd fly through the air with the greatest of ease,
 A daring young man on the flying Trapeze—
 His movements were graceful ; all girls he could please,
 And my love he purloined away.

This young man by name was Signor Bona Slang ;
 Tall, big and handsome, as well made as Chang ;
 Where'er he appeared, the hall loudly rang—
 With ovation from all people there.
 He'd smile from the bar on the people below ;
 And, one night he smiled on my love,
 She winked back at him, and he shouted : Bravo !
 As he hung by his nose up above.

Her father and mother were both on my side,
 And very hard tried to make her my own bride
 Her father he sighed, and her mother she cried,
 To see her throw herself away.
 'Twas all no avail: she went there every night,
 And would throw him bouquets on the stage,
 Which caused him to meet her: how he ran me
 down,
 To tell you would take a whole page.

One night, I, as usual, went to her dear home.
 Found there her mother and father alone,
 I asked for my love: and soon they made known,
 To my horror, that she'd run away!
 She'd packed up her box and eloped in the night,
 With him, with the greatest of ease,
 From two stories high, he had lowered her down
 To the ground on his flying Trapeze!

Some months after this, I went to a hall,
 Was greatly surprised to see, on the wall,
 A bill in red letters, which did my heart gall,
 That she was appearing with him!
 He taught her gymnastics, and dressed her in
 tights,
 To help him to live at his ease,
 And made her assume a masculine name!
 And now she goes on the Trapeze!

She floats through the air with the greatest of ease,
 You'd think her a man on the flying Trapeze.
 She does all the work while he takes his ease,
 And that's what's become of my love.

AS I'D NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

'Twas a pleasant summer's morning—
 Just the day I do enjoy—
 When I woke and looked out early,
 Puzzled how my time t'employ,
 In such fine and splendid weather,
 I don't care for work, do you?
 So I went to see my sweetheart,
 As I'd nothing else to do.

Off I started through the meadows,
 Where the dew-heads pearled the spray,
 And responsive to the song birds,
 I kept singing all the way.
 Quite surprised she was to see me,
 Come so early there to woo,
 Till I said I'd just walked over,
 'Cause I'd nothing else to do.

Then we rambled forth together,
 Down the lane beneath the trees,
 While so gently stirred the shadows
 Of their branches in the breeze ;
 And whene'er our conversation
 Languished for a word or two,
 Why, of course, I kindly kissed her,
 As I'd nothing else to do.

But before the day was over,
 I'd somehow made up my mind,
 That I'd pop the question to her,
 If to me her heart inclined ;
 So I whispered, " Sweet, my darling,
 Will you have me, Yes or no ?"
 " Well," she said, " perhaps I may, dear,
 When I've nothing else to do."

I WISH I WAS A FISH ; OR SWEET POLLY PRIMROSE.

BY G. W. HUNT.

Sweet Polly Primrose was a girl,
 Of nineteen summers old,
 I loved Sweet Polly better far,
 Than all the world untold.
 And she was very fond of me,
 But now I wail and weep,
 For the girl I love's at present,
 At the bottom of the deep.

CHORUS.

So I wish I was a fish with a great long tail,
 I wish I was a fish with a great big tail,
 A tiny little tittle bat, a winkle or a whale,
 At the bottom of the deep blue sea. Oh ! my !

Sweet Polly, was on board a ship,
 And bound for Union Square ;
 When the vessel sighted " Tammany,"
 It began to pitch and rear ;
 My love was gazing over,
 At the water rolling by.
 When, somehow she tumbled overboard,
 And never said good-bye.

The Captain and his gallant crew
 Jumped overboard to save
 My darling Polly, but in vain—
 She'd sunk beneath the wave—
 And when they told me of her fate,
 I'd tear my hair and weep,
 And requested I might be allowed
 To plunge into the deep.

I had a dream last night that I
 Was down below the wave,
 And there I saw my Polly
 In a gorgeous coral cave ;
 She'd changed into a mermaid,
 And she'd such a splendid tail,
 She was doing double shuffles,
 In conjunction with a whale.

While she's a sportive mermaid,
 I'm so wretched here above :
 So I think I'll take a plunge and be
 A merman with my love ;
 But the precise locality,
 I don't exactly know,
 Where I may find my Polly
 So perhaps I'd best not go.

CAPTAIN JINKS OF THE HORSE MARINES.

I am Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
 I often live beyond my means,
 I sport young ladies in their teens,
 To cut a swell in the army.
 I teach the La-dies how to dance,
 How to dance, how to dance,
 I teach the La-dies how to dance,
 For I'm their pet in the army.

SPOKEN,—Ha! ha! ha!

CHORUS.

I'm Cap-tain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I give my horse good corn and beans;
Of course it's quite beyond my means,
Tho' a Captain in the ar-my.

I joined my corps when twenty-one,
Of course I thought it capital fun,
When the enemy came then off I run,
I wasn't cut out for the army.
When I left home mama she cried,
Mama she cried, mama she cried,
When I left home mama she cried,
"He ain't cut out for the army."

SPOKEN.—No, she thought I was too young, but then,
I said, ah! mama,

The first day I went out to drill,
The bugle sound made me quite ill,
At the balance step my hat it fell,
And that wouldn't do for the army.
The officers they all did shout,
They all cried out, they all did shout,
The officers they all did shout,
"Oh, that's the curse of the army."

SPOKEN.—Of course my hat *did* fall off, but ah: nevertheless,

My tailor's bills came in so fast
Forced me one day to leave at last,
And ladies, too, no more did cast,
Sheep's eyes at me in the army.
My creditors at me did shout,
At me did shout, at me did shout,
My creditors at me did shout,
"Why kick him out of the army."

SPOKEN.—I said, ah! gentlemen, ah! kick *me* out of
the army? Perhaps you are not aware that,

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE.

BY GEORGE LEYBOURNE.

I've seen a deal of gayety throughout my noisy life,
 With all my grand accomplishments, I ne'er could get a
 wife ;
 The thing I most excel in, is the P. R. F. G. game,
 A noise all night, in bed all day, and swimming in
 Champagne.

CHORUS.

For Champagne Charlie is my name,
 Champagne Charlie is my name,
 Good for any game at night, my boys,
 Good for any game at night, my boys,
 Champagne Charlie is my name,
 Champagne Charlie is my name,
 Good for any game at night, my boys,
 Who'll come and join me in a spree?

The way I gain'd my title, is by a hobby which I've got
 Of never letting others pay, however long the shot ;
 Whoever drinks at my expense, are treated all the same,
 From Dukes and Lords, to cabmen down, I make them
 drink Champagne.

From coffee and from supper-room, from Poplar to Pall-
 Mall,
 The girls, on seeing me, exclaim : Oh ! what a Cham-
 pagne swell.
 The notion 'tis of ev'ry one, if it were not for my name,
 And causing so much to be drunk, they'd never make
 Champagne.

Some Epicures like Burgundy, Hock, Claret and Moselle,
 But Moet's vintage only satisfies this Champagne swell.
 What matter if to bed I go, and head is muddled thick ?
 A bottle, in the morning sets me right then very quick.

Perhaps you fancy what I say is nothing else but chaff,
 And only done, like other songs, to merrily raise a
 laugh,
 To prove that I am not in jest, each man a bottle of
 Cham,
 I'll stand fizz round—yes, that I will, and stand it like a
 lamb.

STARRY NIGHT FOR A RAMBLE.

BY SAMUEL BAGNALL.

I like a game of croquet,
 Or bowling on the green,
 I like a little boating,
 To pull against the stream.
 But of all the games that I love best
 To fill me with delight,
 I like to take a ramble
 Upon a starry night.

CHORUS.

A starry night for a ramble,
 In a flow'ry dell,
 Through the bush and bramble,
 Kiss, and never tell.

Talk about your bathing,
 Or strolling on the sands,
 Or some unseen veranda,
 Where gentle zephyr fans ;
 Or rolling home in the morning, boys.
 And very nearly tight,
 Could never beat a ramble
 Upon a starry night.

I like to take my sweet heart,
 "Of course, you would," said he,
 And softly whisper in her ear,
 "How dearly I love you!"
 And when you picture to yourselves
 The scenes of such delight,
 You'll want to take a ramble
 Upon a starry night.

Some will choose velocipede,
 And others take a drive,
 And some will set and mope at home
 Half dead and half alive ;
 And some will choose a steamboat.
 And others even fight,
 But I'll enjoy my ramble
 Upon a starry night.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And the days of Lang Syne ?

CHORUS.

For auld Lang Syne, my dear,
 For auld Lang Syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld Lang Syne.

We two ha' ran about the braes,
 And pou't the gowans fine,
 But we've wandered mony a weary fit,
 Sin' auld Lang Syne.

We twa ha' paddled i' the burn,
 Frae mornin sun till dine,
 But seas between us braid ha' roared,
 Sin' auld Lang Syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
 And gi'es a hand o' thine,
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld Lang Syne.

And surely you'll be your pint stoup,
 As sure as I'll be mine,
 And we'll take a right good willie-waught,
 For auld Lang Syne.

COMIN THRO' THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body, comin thro' the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body, need a body cry ?

CHORUS.

Ilka lassie has a laddie, ne'er a ane hae I ;
 But all the lads they love me well, and what the deuce
 care I.

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the well,
 Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell ?

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the town,
 Gin a body kiss a body, need a body frown ?

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT.

BY S. C. FOSTER.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky Home,
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
 The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom.
 While the birds make music all the day.
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright ;
 By'n bye Hard Times comes knocking at the door,
 Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night !

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady,
 Oh ! weep no more to-day !
 We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
 For the old Kentucky Home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
 On the meadow, the hill and the shore,
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
 On the bench by the old cabin door,
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
 With sorrow when all was delight ;
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,
 Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night !

COME HOME, FATHER.

BY HENRY CLAY WORK.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
 The clock in the steeple strikes one ;
 You said you were coming right home from the shop,
 As soon as your day's work was done ;
 Our fire has gone out, our house is all dark,
 And mother's been watching since tea,
 With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
 And no one to help her but me.
 Come home ! come home ! come home !
 Please father, dear father, come home !

CHORUS.

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
 Which the night-winds repeat as they roam !
 Oh ! who could resist this most plaintive of prayers ?
 Please father, dear father, come home !

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
 The clock in the steeple strikes two ;
 The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse ;
 But he has been calling for you ;
 Indeed he is worse, ma says he will die--
 Perhaps before morning shall dawn,
 And this is the message she sent me to bring :
 Come quickly, or he will be gone !
 Come home ! come home ! come home !
Please father, dear father, come home !

Father, dear father, come home with me now.
 The clock in the steeple strikes three ;
 The house is so lonely, the hours are so long
 For poor weeping mother and me !
 Yes, we are alone ; for Benny is dead,
 And gone with the angels of light.
 And these were the very last words that he said :
 I want to kiss papa good-night.
 Come home ! come home ! come home !
Please father, dear father, come home !

THE ROYAL WILD BEAST SHOW.

BY ALFRED LEE.

Come, stand aside, good people all, and hear what I've
 to say :
 But let the little deers come up, what's going for to pay ;
 At all the courts in Europe we are reckon'd quite the go,
 Then pay your sixpences and see the Royal Wild Beast
 Show.

CHORUS.

The camomiles, the crocodiles, and all that you could wish,
 The mice and rats, and tabby cats, and other kinds of fish,
 A dozen sphinxes up side down, and standing in a row ;
 It's only sixpence each to see the Royal Wild Beast Show.

The first one is the kangaroo, you'll know him by his
 hump ;
 The next's the hippopotamus, you ought to see him
 jump ;
 The third's the alligator and he's such a one to crow.
 He wakes us every morning in the Royal Wild Beast
 Show.

That pretty thing's the oozley bird, the other one's his
 aunt,
 The third we call the pelican, the next the pelican:
 The other one's the solon goose—you musn't call out bo!
 Or you will hurt his feelings in the Royal Wild Beast
 Show.

The donkey in the corner with the tiger on his arm,
 Comes from Assyria, where once his father kept a farm;
 That billy-goat that's dress'd in pink and walking rather
 slow,
 Is very *hornimental* in a Royal Wild Beast Show.

The tortoise, famous for his speed, unqual'd by a horse;
 The parrot, too, who talks in *polly*-syllables, of course;
 The raging elephants that roar when stormy winds do
 blow,
 Are also represented in the Royal Wild Beast Show.

The next one is a mighty ape, indeed I tell you true.
 It's only natural he should "go walking in the zoo;"
 Our stock of monkeys, you'll observe, at present is but
 low—

They are so plentiful outside the Royal Wild Beast Show.
 The last's the boa constrictor, who eats all he finds
 about—

Why, who's been fool enough to let the nasty crittur out?
 He's somewhere underneath the chairs, hi! mind your
 hullo!

He's very quick in clearing out the Royal Wild Beast
 Show.

THE OLD CABIN HOME.

BY S. C. FOSTER.

I am going far away,
 Far away, to leave you now,
 To the Mississippi river I am going;
 I will take my old banjo,
 And I'll sing this little song—
 Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

CHORUS.

Here is my Old Cabin Home,
 Here is my sister and my brother,
 Here lies my wife, the joy of my life,
 And my child in the grave with its mother.

I am going to leave this land,
 With this our darkey band,
 To travel all this wide world o'er ;
 And when I get tired
 I will settle down to rest,
 Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

When old age comes on,
 And my hair is turning gray,
 I will hang up the banjo all alone ;
 I'll sit down by the fire
 And I'll pass the time away,
 Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

'Tis there where I roam,
 Away down on the old farm,
 Where all the darkeys am free ;
 Oh ! merrily sound the banjo,
 For the white folks round the room,
 Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

BY W. H. DELEHANTY.

It was on one Summer's evening,
 In the merry month of June ;
 I beheld a damsel sitting
 'Mid flowers' sweet perfume.
 She had a novel, reading,
 Just as I was passing by,
 And as she turned another page,
 I saw the brightest eye ;
 A bewitching smile was on her face,
 As charming as the posies ;
 I felt the smart of Cupid's dart ;
 'Twas love among the roses.

CHORUS.

Now, I hate to tell but then I must ;
 Within her heart I place my trust ;
 Se was sitting in the garden,
 Where the little butterfly reposes ;
 And how we met, I'll ne'er forget,
 'Twas love among the roses.

I passed her house next evening,
 The clock had just struck eight,
 And I saw my future happiness ;
 She was standing by the garden-gate,
 She smiled as I approached her,
 And I begged her to excuse ;
 May I view those pretty flowers ?
 She murmured : If you choose.
 I spoke about the violets,
 Then finally made proposes :
 Thro' the garden we walked, of happiness
 talked ;
 'Twas love among the roses.

I confess I love Matilda ;
 Matilda, that's her name ;
 And there is a charm about her.
 Which I never can explain.
 She dresses up to fashion,
 To her style there is no end,
 And, of course, she must look dashing ;
 For, she wears a Grecian Bend.
 But she's left her home, and where she's
 gone,
 Most everyone supposes ;
 For, as dear as life, is my little wife ;
 'Twas love among the roses.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally,
 I'm dreaming now of Hally,
 For the thought of her is one that never dies ;
 She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,
 She's sleeping in the valley,
 And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.

CHORUS.

Listen to the mocking bird,
 Listen to the mocking bird,
 The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave,
 Listen to the mocking bird,
 Listen to the mocking bird,
 Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Ah! well I yet remember, remember, remember,
 Ah! well I yet remember,
 When we gathered in the cotton side by side.
 'Twas in the mild September, September, September.
 'Twas in the mild September,
 And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.

When the charms of spring awaken, awaken, awaken,
 When the charms of spring awaken,
 And the mocking bird is singing on the bough,
 I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken,
 I feel like one forsaken,
 Since Hally is no longer with me now.

MEET ME, JOSIE, AT THE GATE.

BY GEO. M. CLARK.

Wilt thou meet me, to-night, at the old garden-gate?
 Meet me there? For I've something sweet to say,
 And I long to meet you there, where so oft we've met
 before,

E'er I leave you to wander far away;
 Meet me there, meet me true,
 For I've words of love for you,
 Then come, for, the hour is growing late,
 And I'll whisper in your ear
 Something sweet for you to hear,
 If you'll meet me, darling Josie, at the gate.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, at the gate,
 Wilt thou meet me at the gate,
 And I'll whisper in your ear
 Something sweet for you to hear,
 If you'll meet me, darling Josie, at the gate.

I am going far away from the old garden-gate,
 And, perhaps, we may never meet again,
 But I'll ever think of you, and my heart will beat as true,
 As the sun, no matter where I roam.

Do not grieve, darling one,
 Tho' I'm going far away,
 But come, nor repine at cruel fate,
 And I'll whisper in your ear
 Something sweet for you to hear,
 If you'll meet me, darling Josie, at the gate.

SLAP BANG ; OR, JOLLY DOGS ARE WE.

Oh, we're a crew of jolly dogs,
 Who never can get cross,
 We're good at every mortal thing,
 At fighting, fun or toss.
 And we are always so jolly oh, jolly oh,
 jolly oh,
 And we are always so jolly oh,
 Such jolly dogs are we.
 We dance, we sing, we laugh, oh, ha,
 We laugh ha, ha, and dance and sing,
 Such jolly dogs are we.

CHORUS.

Fal la la, fal la la, fal la la,
 Fal la la, tral la la, fal la la,
 Tra di, di' al' di di' al' al I do,
 Slap bang, there you are again,
 There you are again, there you are again,
 Slap bang, there you are again—
 Such jolly dogs are we.

Each night we meet at six o'clock,
 Together all we dine,
 Each course of courses soon out of sight,
 And quickly to the wine.
 For we always are so jolly oh, etc.

Near eight o'clock all sailing forth,
 That is when it is dark,
 I'll do your dads, exclaims the chief,
 All ready for a lark.
 For we always are so jolly oh, etc.

THE BLUE JUNIATA.

Wild roved an Indian girl,
 Bright Alfarata,
 Where sweep the waters,
 Of the blue Juniata,
 Swift as an antelope,
 Through the forest going,
 Loose were her jetty locks,
 In wavy tresses flowing.

Gay was the mountain song,
 Of the bright Alfarata,
 Where sweep the waters,
 Of the blue Juniata.
 Strong and true my arrows are,
 In my painted quiver,
 Swift goes my light canoe
 Down the rapid river.

Bold is the warrior good,
 The love of Alfarata,
 Proud waves his snowy plume
 Along the Juniata.
 Soft and low he speaks to me,
 And then his war cry sounding,
 Rings his voice in thunder loud,
 From height to height resounding.

Thus sang the Indian girl,
 Bright Alfarata,
 Where sweep the waters
 Of the blue Juniata.
 Fleeting years have borne away
 The voice of Alfarata.
 Still rolls the river on,
 Blue Juniata.

WAKE NICODEMUS.

BY HENRY CLAY WORK.

Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth,
 And was bought for a bag full of gold ;
 He was reckoned as part of the salt of the earth,
 But he died years ago, very old.
 'Twas his last sad request, so we laid him away
 In the trunk of an old hollow tree,
 Wake me up ! was his charge, at the first break of day,
 Wake me up for the Great Jubilee !

CHORUS.

The good time coming is almost here,
 It was long, long on the way !
 Now run and tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,
 And meet me at the gum-tree down in the swamp,
 To wake Nicodemus to-day.

